The EDDYITE

BY

GEORGE W. LOUTTIT

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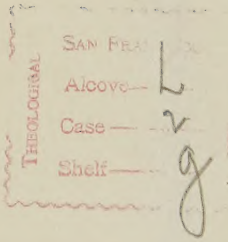

THE EDDYITE

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE TALE

...BY...

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GEORGE W. LOUTTIT

Author of "A Maid of The Wildwood,"
"The Gentleman from Jay," Etc.

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THE COLONIAL PRESS
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
1908

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INTRODUCTION

The rivalry, hatred and practice of what Christian Scientists term animal magnetism, as portrayed in this story does not apply to any particular Christian Science church, but to all, including the mother Christian Science church at Boston, in which latter church Mrs. Eddy was for a time kept busy striking down her students, whom she feared might wrest from her her leadership. If the reader doubts my words, let him read some of Mrs. Eddy's phillippics directed against these unnamed individuals, one or two of which are to be found in her text book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures."

What I have depicted in this story is very similar to what has occurred in the mother Christian Science church.

Throughout the country there are Christian Scientists apeing every act of Mrs. Eddy, whether good or bad, and as her career has been somewhat checkered, her example has been anything but elevating for her followers.

Christian Science failures greatly outnumber their so-called successes, but their failures are never recorded, for if they were, that cult would be a thing of the past. Many true and loyal Christian Scientists have I known, who, afflicted with disease, took Christian Science treatment, even going to Boston, whose practitioners are said to be so high in the thought, yet the ravages of diseases were not checked, and when at the door of death they were given in charge of some physician, to die upon his hands, with the result that the physician is blamed for the death. Such cases are of daily occurrence, which the Christian Scientists well know, but dare not admit the truth.

GEORGE W. LOUTTIT.

September 17, 1908.

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THE EDDYITE

CHAPTER I.

Strayed From the Fold

"DAVID, I'm surprised at you! Indeed I am."

"Surprised, because I want to get back my health?"

"Well, Christian Science will never cure you."

"I've tried the doctors and now I'm worse than when I first went to them."

"Worry is what has ruined your health, and nothing else. Quit that and you will soon be well."

"Pshaw! That's all your imagination."

"You know you worry, and you know that it does not do you one particle of good. And you must know that it is only since you have been worrying that you have been losing your health. Cheer up, look on the bright side of life. Go to church again as we used to do—"

"Yes, that's all you think about—go to your church again. I suppose that you want me to

get down on my knees and ask to be taken back."

"Now, David, ain't you ashamed of yourself? Of course, I want you back into the old church, the church of our fathers, the church of our mothers, and in your own heart you know that is where you ought to be today."

"That's right, thrash that thing all over again."

"Yes, David, let us talk it over for the last time, for we both want to do what is right and best."

"Go ahead."

"You must admit that when we were in church we were the most happy and that you did not worry."

"Yes, I'll not deny that."

"Then why not go back?"

"Never! Why, that would be a confession that I was in the wrong."

"You criticised Reverend Hale most severely, David."

"I've heard that before."

"And you were always finding fault about something in the church."

"Yes, and what of it?"

"That it made a lot of trouble, David. Your pride and stubbornness—"

"That's right, put all the blame on me. In any event I'm not going back to your church, so that settles it," concluded David Korsan as he left his wife, an expression of anxiety upon his face.

That day he consulted a Christian Science practitioner, who at once discovered that worry had undermined his health, whereupon she told him of the wonderful things accomplished by Christian Science, then began to allay his fears by words of encouragement and good cheer, after which he submitted to treatment. Persuading him to promise to read the Christian Science text book, she loaned him a copy, then before dismissing him, induced him to laugh heartily by telling of some humorous anecdote, placing him in the best of spirits.

This method the practitioner persued for two weeks, and because of the cessation of the awful strains of worry, Nature had an opportunity to do its work and David Korsan regained perfect health, the success of which was attributed to the wonderful workings of Christian Science, which the practitioner skillfully induced David

to believe, also to become a convert of that sect.

David gave his testimony as to the healing powers of Christian Science at their Wednesday evening prayer meetings, whereupon the members pointed to him as one rescued from the grave by the wonderful teachings of Mrs. Eddy.

David's wife was very grateful for the change in her husband's health, though she never gave Christian Science the credit of effecting the cure. One day David accused her of ingratitude and prejudice.

"David," she said, "if I remind you of something will you promise me not to become angry or provoked?"

David made the promise.

She continued: "David, do you remember that I always told you that it was the strain of worry that was undermining your health, and that if you would cease worrying that you would regain your health?"

He admitted remembering her words.

Again she continued: "And it hurt me to know that this Christian Science practitioner had more influence with you than I. She persuaded you to stop that useless worrying, and

the moment its terrible fangs were loosened, you began to mend. That is why you are well today, and not because of this misnamed Christian Science."

"You may be right, Ada, but I doubt it. I have publicly acknowledged my indebtedness to Christian Science, and last Sunday became a member of its church here, all of which you know. I can't take back my words, nor will I, nor will I leave its church. Perhaps if you would go with me to our meetings, you would see as I do."

"I want to please you, David."

"Then accompany me tonight. Our Wednesday evening services are fine."

Mrs. Korsan accompanied her husband. With the exception of the reading from the Christian Science text book, the first half of the services were similar to those in the Orthodox churches. They sang the same hymns and read from the Bible. The Reader then announced that the meeting was open for testimonies, experiences and remarks on Christian Science.

One of the members arose. "Brothers and Sisters," he began, "I am so thankful for what

Christian Science has done for me. The other night it was necessary for me to be in Canton, but I was informed that the train had left. As my business was very important, I was much disappointed, but I knew that Divine love would meet every need. I went to a quiet corner and there demonstrated as our text book teaches us. I had barely concluded when I heard a shrill whistle and in a moment a train came rolling into the station. I learned from the agent that it was the Canton train, which was an hour late. It was a beautiful demonstration and it shows what Divine mind will do if we will only hold the right thought. Had the train been on time I might have lost a large order. Thus you can see that Christian Science meets every need."

Mrs. Korsan smiled and whispered to her husband, "Don't you think he could have reached Canton just as easily without that demonstration?"

He flushed, but made no reply.

A very fleshy but poorly-clad lady arose next. "I am very thankful for what Christian Science has done for me," said she, speaking very rapidly. "I have been in the good work

for several years and it found me so that I could hardly walk. I've been taking treatment ever since and now I'm much better. I'm so thankful for what Christian Science has done for me."

As she took her seat, Mrs. Korsan was attracted by the immense size of her shoes, which were cut in many places, so as to accommodate her feet, which appeared twice their natural size.

"Did I understand her to say that she had taken Christian Science treatment several years?" asked she of her husband.

"Yes, but she is nothing like she was," replied David.

Mrs. Korsan cast another glance at the misshapen feet. "Poor thing," she murmured.

The next to arise was a man whom Mrs. Korsan had noticed limping up the aisle at the beginning of the services. "Brothers and Sisters," he began in a brusque manner, "words can't express the wonders that Christian Science has done for me. Christian Science found me a drunkard and a slave to tobacco. Why, I only smoked once a day and that was all the time, and I never was without a cud of tobacco

in my mouth. Two of my brothers died drunkards and I was a sot and often lay in the ditch. Nobody would look at me. Friends, Christian Science found me in that condition. It has made a man of me, and I haven't tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor or even touched tobacco since the day I heard its blessed name. My appetite for these curses is now all gone, and I am thoroughly healed and feel better than I ever did in my life."

He threw his stiff leg to one side and took his seat with the air of a hero.

The president of the church, Mr. Dore, arose. "There was a convention in Columbus the other day and all the hotels were crowded. To mortal mind it looked as though I would be unable to get a place for the night. But it occurred to me that I had not done my duty; that I ought to call on God for help, and so sought a quiet corner and began to silently demonstrate. As I arose a man stopped me and asked if I had a bed. He said that he had lost all his money and that if I would pay him for his bed he would be able to get something to eat. I gave him fifty cents and got his bed. Thus Divine love had met two needs, it provided me

with a bed and satisfied that man's hunger."

He then told of the lovable waitress that he met in the dining room of a hotel. He said that she seemed to be above her station and his heart went out to her and that he gave her words of love and encouragement. "It did my heart good to see how she appreciated my words," he concluded.

As he told this tale, Mrs. Korsan watched his wife and plainly saw that a storm was brewing.

The services were closed by a hymn, after which the members shook hands and chatted about the wonders of Christian Science.

"Well, Ada, what do you think of the services?" asked David of his wife on their arrival home.

"I don't think much of them. One thing is certain, don't you dare to undertake a flirtation with a dining room girl, and then give as an excuse this Christian Science. Don't you dare to do as the president of your church did!"

"He said nothing out of the way!" affirmed David, surprised. "I saw nothing wrong."

"You didn't! Well, I'll wager his wife did, and when he gets home he'll have to make a

bigger demonstration to keep that wife from scratching out his eyes than he did to get that bed, even though she is a loyal student in Christian Science. Goodness! didn't you notice the black scowls on her face, and how her eyes snapped when he told of his love for that pretty dining room girl?"

"He didn't mean any harm."

"Certainly not! I never saw a man that did. I supposed he had better sense than to publicly tell of his flirtations, especially in the presence of his wife."

"You don't understand. It was merely a demonstration of love."

"Don't you dare to undertake such demonstrations! And mark me, if your president doesn't stop, his wife 'll have him in the divorce court, and if you ever begin, that is where I'll have you. Shucks! you men must think that we women are fools! But your president knows better by this time, I'll warrant!"

David was anxious to drop the subject.

"What do you think of that man's cure for drunkenness and the use of tobacco?" asked he, smiling with satisfaction.

"That was splendid! I am glad he was

benefited. But there are a number of such cases in our church. Do you remember what a drunkard Bob Mills was? For years he never drew a sober breath. He attended one of Moody's revivals, that was twenty-six years ago, and Bob Mills hasn't touched a drop of liquor since. There is Walter Barr the same —and Hugh Welch, and Frank Mason and ——"

David threw up his hands. "There is no use trying to argue with a woman! Ada, you're prejudiced and deny Christian Science the credit of doing any good at all."

"David, we will not quarrel about it. If you can get any good out of Christian Science I want you to stick to it."

"You ought to go to church with me. It doesn't look well for you to go to one church and me another."

"Yes, that is true. But you haven't of late thought of taking me to church, and you know that I often begged you to."

"Circumstances are different, now."

She smiled. "Not at all, only you just think so." She kissed him fondly. "I'll show you that your wife is free from prejudice. I'll go with

you to your Christian Science church for a time, but mind—I am not going to become a member."

He drew her to his lap. "I suppose that you think me selfish, Ada. But some day you will thank me, for I am going to demonstrate that at the end of six months you,too, will be a staunch Christian Scientist."

"Very well, you can demonstrate; but don't demonstrate by talking to me about it all the time."

"Of course, I expect you to read our text book and our Journals and Sentinels."

"Yes, I'll try," she sighed; "but it is asking a great lot of me, for it is such dry reading."

"I'll not be hard on you. Just read a little, for I am confident you will soon become a convert."

"Remember," said she, earnestly, "let us understand each other. We are to avoid discussing Christian Science as much as possible. I am to accompany you to church and to read a little of your books and papers."

"It's a bargain!" He kissed her. "You are a good wife—better than I deserve."

Mrs. Korsan endeavored to believe as her

husband did and bent her mind in that direction. In three months she understood the teachings of Christian Science, but her heart rebelled at what she termed its fallacious sophistry.

The declaration of the founder of this so-called Christian Science, that Jesus preached and practiced Christian Science, together with her statement that none ever taught her any of its principles which she claimed as a cure for every ailment from the worst diseases to the pocketbook, appealed to Mrs. Korsan as irreconcilable. She found that its text book consisted of mere abstract statements, with no proof to support its theories other than the author's bare assertions, which were repeated upon almost every page. Still Mrs. Korsan did not despair, and with her husband went over the Sunday lessons and mingled with the adherents of that faith.

One of Mrs. Korsan's old school mates had married Peter Brindle. Mrs. Brindle was a lovable girl, and why she married Peter was one of the enigmas of the neighborhood. Peter was an officer in the Christian Science church and a firm believer in that faith, but unlike Mrs.

Korsan, Mrs. Brindle classed Christian Science as delusive mesmerism, and its followers as deluded children.

Peter was irritable and impulsive. His face was spare, and upon his chin grew a few straggling hairs meant for a goatee. As he had been salivated in the days when calomel was considered the universal panacea, but two front teeth remained, which were conspicuous for their size and uncleanliness.

While Mrs. Korsan was visiting the Brindles, a goat, known as a vicious brute, got into the Brindle lot. The goat was in bad humor, having previously been tormented by mischievous boys, who were careful to keep without its reach, their attacks being made from the tops of the fences and sheds. To escape from the angered goat, one of the boys ran into the Brindle yard, the goat in close pursuit. The Brindles were attracted by the noise and, followed by Mrs. Korsan, went to discover the cause. Peter started to eject the goat, single handed.

"Peter," remonstrated his wife, "you come back and get the pitchfork; if you don't that beast will attack you."

"I am a Christian Scientist," affirmed Peter,

"and I know that no harm can come to me, for I will demonstrate truth."

"Sugar and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Brindle, in disgust, "that goat don't know if you are a Christian Scientist or not, and cares less."

"I'll hold the right thought," smiled Peter. "Error cannot harm me and I'll prove to you that all is love. Christian Science enables one to overcome all error, even vicious beasts; like Daniel, who was a Christian Scientist and by the understanding of its teachings closed the mouths of the lions in the den."

"Daniel never heard of Christian Science!" said Mrs. Brindle, scornfully.

"Our text books say that all the prophets understood and practiced the principles of Christian Science," replied Peter as he started for the goat, who shook its head menacingly, but Peter paid no attention to its behavior, and the goat lowered its head with an angry bawl. Peter began to demonstrate, as did the goat, and before Peter realized what had happened he was hurled to the ground in a heap. Mrs. Brindle ran to the barn, screaming. Her husband was dazed by the blow and as he raised

himself, looked at his torn and dusty clothing in surprise. The goat was preparing for another demonstration, whereupon Peter began to realize what had happened to him, forgot the practice of Christian Science, and jumping to his feet, ran toward the fence, which he cleared with a bound.

"You d—— brute!" cried he, shaking his fist at the goat, who stood watching him as it calmly chewed its cud. "I'd like to wring your head off!"

Mrs. Brindle appeared upon the scene with a pitchfork.

"Fool!" said she to her husband. "I told you what would happen!"

She started after the goat, holding the pitchfork before her, but as the goat had had previous experiences with that useful weapon, it kept at a safe distance, and at the first opportunity escaped to the road and ran away.

When Mrs. Brindle returned to the house she found her husband's eye bruised and much swollen.

"Let me bathe your eye in cold water to take that swelling down," she began.

"There you are voicing error again," said

Peter. "You must hold the right thought. There is no sensation in matter."

"There ain't!" sneered Mrs. Brindle. "Then I wouldn't screw my face up so, and I'd wipe away some of those tears. Dear me! no sensation in matter! I'll wager that you saw more stars when that goat butted you than you ever saw in your life."

Peter turned to Mrs. Korsan. "Jennie will persist in voicing error. You see she can't comprehend our teachings."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Brindle, contemptiously.

The smarting pain was almost unbearable.

"This is a bad claim of mortal sense," groaned Peter. "But it is a lie, for there is no sensation in matter."

Mrs. Brindle turned to him in sympathy. "Peter, let me bathe your face. You ought to get the dirt out of the torn skin, any way."

"Your wife is right," interposed Mrs. Korsan.

"Let me demonstrate first," groaned Peter, as he fell into a chair and began his silent work.

"When you are through come to the kitch-

en," said Mrs. Brindle, impatiently, and left the room, followed by Mrs. Korsan.

"I hear that you have become a Christian Scientist," said Mrs. Brindle, when they were out of Peter's hearing.

"No, I have not. I merely go to the Christian Science church to please David," replied Mrs. Korsan, annoyed.

"This Christian Science business is something awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Brindle. "Peter was always peculiar, but he is a perfect fool about Christian Science, and the worst of it is that he don't seem to realize it! But that is not all; at times he is so cross that I can hardly live with him, especially after one of their business meetings, which sometimes last until 2 o'clock in the morning. What they do all that time I can never get Peter to tell, but it must be something awful, for Peter has the blues for a week after. I never saw so many cranks in all my life as there are in that church, and if you are wise, you will induce David to leave it as soon as possible."

"The members seem to be very loving to one another."

"When you see as much of them as I have,

Ada, you will change your mind, for they do not practice love as much as they preach it. Each practitioner is afraid that the other will get too many patients, and they talk about each other awfully. They accuse each other of being mesmerists and all that sort of thing; and when you come right down to the facts, Christian Science is unadulterated mesmerism, nothing more, nothing less. Of course, they deny it, but that does not change the truth."

"Their text book denounces mesmerism."

"True, they do not practice it directly, but in an indirect way. For instance, the first thing they do in treating disease is to repeat inaudibly what they call the scientific statement of being, then deny life or sensation in matter, and assert that all is infinite life and its manifestation; that spirit is real and matter is unreal, and so forth. Then they deny that the patient has disease, and argue the reason why. Now all this is done inaudibly. Is this to convince God that there is no disease? If it is for that, it appears very foolish to me, for God cannot take any instruction from any mortal. Is it to convince the practitioner? If he understands that such is the case, he does not need to argue about

something he already believes. Is it to convince the patient? If so, why not argue audibly, why inaudibly, unless to hypnotize the patient to believe that which he does not believe or understand, or to change the patient's mental condition?"

"David says that they repeat the scientific statement of being before treating in order to clear their own thought of surrounding error—but you must have studied their text book."

"Indeed I have! and I know something about their methods of treatment. I have had a great lot to do with Christian Science, and not many seem able to talk about anything but their church, and the error in the church, and the error in so and so, and all such foolishness. The biggest stir in error is when they have a business meeting. I don't know just what takes place, but from what I hear from outsiders who happened to pass the church when a meeting was in progress it must be similar to a dog fight. I suppose the reason that Peter will not tell me anything is because he is ashamed."

Footsteps were heard and Peter appeared in the doorway. He was a pitiful sight and it could be seen that he was suffering much pain.

Mrs. Brindle took him by the arm, seated him upon a chair and began to wash the dirt from his face. Every time the wet cloth touched a torn place in the skin, a tear oozed from his eye.

"The swelling is much worse," volunteered Mrs. Brindle. "Your face should have been washed at once."

"There is no swelling," affirmed Peter, "only to mortal sense. You are voicing error again."

Mrs. Brindle appealed to Mrs. Korsan. "Ada, isn't that eye swollen?"

Not wishing to be drawn into the controversy, Mrs. Korsan made an evasive answer.

Soon the wounds were cleansed and Peter obtained relief.

Peter remained in the house a week, giving the injured optic and face Christian Science treatment. At the end of this time the soreness passed away, and naught remained as evidence of his encounter except a dark, greenish discoloration of one eye lid. After demonstrating two weeks longer all the evidence of his unfortunate encounter with the goat disappeared, and Peter resumed his attendance at church, his first appearance being at the Wed-

nesday evening meeting. Peter was the first to arise when the Reader called for testimonials.

"Friends," he began, "I want to tell you of a demonstration that I consider simply wonderful. In an accident, my face and eyes were frightfully mangled to mortal sense. In fact, I had lost my eyesight when struck, and had I been in the old thought I would have been blind today. But Divine love manifested itself. I declared the truth and my eyesight was instantly restored. Shortly after all sense of soreness had left, and tonight I am completely healed. It was a great demonstration of the wonderful workings of Christian Science."

After services, David asked his wife what she thought of Peter Brindle's testimony.

She laughed heartily. "I happened to see the accident," she began. David looked at her in surprise. "Yes," she continued, "I saw the whole affair. I didn't want to mention it to you until I had heard Peter give his testimony. Peter's accident !oh dear! oh dear! It was just too funny. He was butted by a goat—and he saw stars, and the moon, too, and darkness, I suppose, or he wouldn't haven't imagined he was in danger of becoming blind. David,

he demonstrated three weeks on that eye."

"Ada, you are making sport of a very serious matter," said he, severely.

"Well, I just can't help it. The old fool! what did he want to mention it for? Goodness! I should think he would be afraid the story would get out."

"A true Christian Scientist is not afraid of any thing, for fear is the cause of all our troubles."

"I admit that fear does a great deal in that direction, but it certainly wasn't the cause of Peter Brindle getting butted by that goat. David, I just wish you could have seen him——"

"Don't talk that way, please don't," he pleaded.

For a time they were silent.

"Ada, I have been asked to accept the first readership of the church," said he, hesitatingly, meantime watching her closely.

"What!" she exclaimed, surprised, then she laughed heartily. "This is certainly a day of revelations! Indeed, I never thought I'd have a preacher for a husband."

Ignoring her words, he continued. "A number of the members have concluded to elect me

to that office, and I told them I'd accept."

Mrs. Korsan shrugged her shoulders. "Well, David, I suppose that you are old enough to know your own business, and what is for the best."

"But have you any objections?"

"What difference does that make? You will do as you want to, any way, and you have already accepted."

"You are unreasonable, Ada."

"We will not discuss it, David. We don't want any misunderstanding — but you never used to think me unreasonable."

They entered their home in silence.

CHAPTER II.

Gathering in the Sheaves

DAVID KORSAN was unanimously elected First Reader of the church, but in accepting the office had no idea of the petty annoyances with which he would have to contend. The first Sunday he neglected to announce that Mary Baker G. Eddy was the author of the Christian Science text book, Science and Health with key to the Scriptures, having forgotten the rule of the Mother Church requiring all Christian Scientists to announce Mrs. Eddy's name as the author of her works before reading therefrom, and because of his neglect every member of the church considered it a duty to criticize him severely.

The following Sunday he complied with this rule, but neglected to announce that Mrs. Eddy was the author of one of the hymns he had assigned for the congregation to sing, whereupon the members declared that he was irreverent and unfit to hold the high office of Reader.

David was deeply hurt when he heard the criticisms. He was unable to comprehend why so trivial a matter should create such a furor. He could not understand why Mrs. Eddy's name must be announced as author every time he read from any of her writings, or announced her hymns, when it was not required to announce other authors' names in connection with other hymns.

Unlike David, Mrs. Korsan was angered at the abuse of her husband. In the first two weeks that he was Reader she noticed a great change in him; he was no longer jolly and care free, but unhappy and worried, and she urged him to resign the Readership and leave the church, but he refused to heed to her advice.

"Then if you insist upon holding the office," said she, "by all means get a Manual and comply with the rules of this Mother Church."

David started for the reading room to purchase a Manual. At its door he heard his name mentioned, and paused.

"David Korsan ought to be asked to resign," said Mrs. Bates. "He is not high enough in the thought. While reading our text book last Sunday he omitted two words. I know it be-

cause I had my Science and Health with me and followed him as he read."

"And he doesn't bring out the spiritual meaning," asserted Mrs. Stone.

"And he smokes," added Mrs. Bates.

"We ought to have such Readers as they have in Chicago. The Christian Science services in Chicago are so uplifting, and there is so much harmony and love there. It is a real spiritual feast to attend their services, the thought is so high," said Mrs. Drout.

"It is that way everywhere but here. But what can we expect with such Readers as we have. I always hold the highest thought for them, but if I want to get the spiritual meaning out of Science and Health and the Bible, I must read with them," said Mrs. Bates.

"That is the only way to get any good out of the services," agreed Mrs. Stone.

"Mr. Korsan reads very well, I think," said one of the ladies, who had not taken part in the discussion of the shortcomings of David. "He is the best Reader we have ever had."

"To mortal sense, yes," retorted Mrs. Bates, contemptuously. "What we want is a Reader that will bring out the spiritual sense. And

just look how horrid he dresses. Think of light trousers in a pulpit—a Christian Science pulpit at that!"

"He certainly is not high in the thought!" sighed Mrs. Drout. "And that wife of his is just horrible. So stuck up, and thinks she is somebody!"

David was unable to endure the assault upon his wife and entered the room. For a moment the ladies were confused, but soon Mrs. Bates approached him with extended hand.

"We are so glad to see our dear Reader," said she.

"I am so glad you came in!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

"And where is Mrs. Korsan?" asked Mrs. Drout. "She is such a sweet woman. I dearly love her."

As David shook hands with the ladies a feeling of repulsion came over him.

"You are such a fine couple!" said Mrs. Bates. "And the lesson last Sunday was grand, and you brought out the spiritual meaning so beautifully. Oh, if the world could only understand the grandeurs of Christian Science, and the love it makes us have for one another,

and the uplifting thoughts, what a good world this would be!"

Ignoring their words, David said, "I have come for a Manual."

"Why, have you no Manual, Mr. Korsan?" asked Mrs. Bates, surprised.

As she handed David the book she told him its cost was one dollar.

The book was so small that David hesitated, thinking that perhaps she had made a mistake.

"That is the price fixed by the Mother Church," said Mrs. Stone, observing his manner.

"If it cost a thousand dollars, you ought to have it," said Mrs. Drout. "People think that five dollars is a great deal for a Science and Health, but if I couldn't replace mine, I wouldn't sell it for a million dollars."

David started to leave, but Mrs. Bates stopped him. "I am on the lecture committee. You know the Manual says that we must have at least one lecture a year, and our lecturers are so reasonable; they only charge seventy dollars a lecture. Just think, only that small pittance for all the good, and high understanding they give us; and as you are a salaried officer of our

church you ought to demonstrate at least ten dollars for us."

David blushed with embarrassment, for about every day one of the members alluded to his salary as Reader, telling him how grateful he ought to be for it. He pledged ten dollars, then returned the list to Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Stone approached him. "Of course, being Reader, you are interested in seeing the church look nice. We need a new carpet. Don't you think that you could demonstrate at least five dollars out of your salary as Reader?"

David thought of a note he had to pay and hesitated.

Said Mrs. Drout, "The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and the Bible says, as ye give, so shall ye receive."

"Well," sighed David, subscribing the designated amount.

"Two beautiful demonstrations!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates. "By an understanding of Christion Science one never need ask in vain."

"We're sending a fund to the Mother Church," said Mrs. Drout, "and I know that Mr. Korsan will want his name down for at least ten dollars. Indeed the Mother Church

expects the Readers to be liberal, and looks for their names upon these lists; and it ought to be when they are paid salaries."

"We have sent two hundred dollars this year," replied David. "And besides the Sunday school sent ninety more."

"Oh, yes, but that is very little for the good we receive. The more you give to the Mother Church, the more you will be blessed. And I assure you that the Mother Church appreciates the sacrifices, it proves that your heart has the right feeling, and shows your appreciation of the blessings it gives you. All loyal students and especially the Readers, are expected to be liberal givers to our dear Mother Church."

"There are no sacrifices in Science," declared Mrs. Bates, "for we do not consider anything a sacrifice which it is our duty to do."

David subscribed the requested amount, then excused himself and hastened away, thus giving the ladies an opportunity to complete their criticisms and denounce him for the objections he had made when subscribing to the various funds.

A letter awaited him at home. It was from the Christian Science Publishing Society, in-

forming him that they had received notice of his election as an officer of the church, but had not received his subscription to the Christian Science Sentinel and Journal, which they felt sure he would send at once, and thus comply with the Manual. With a heavy heart he returned the letter to his wife.

"This Mother Church does not hesitate to remind its members of their duties," said she. "You know that means three dollars, and we are awfully pinched just now."

He made no reply and she continued her sewing.

"Did you get a Manual?" she asked.

He drew a small book from his pocket, which he handed her.

"It was a dollar," said he. "I shouldn't have got it, but the Readers are required to have it, besides you said I should."

She looked through the book. "Twenty-five cents would be plenty for that small book. It can be made for ten cents at least."

"It does seem a large price, but we pay for the knowledge the book contains, not for the making and paper."

"There is nothing in it but rules." She com-

mented as she read excerpts from the book, "You are not to read from copies or manuscripts; nor dare you make any explanatory remarks about the lesson sermon, and section five says that the discussions of the Board are to be kept secret. I suppose that is the reason Peter Brindle won't tell his wife about the business meetings. That idea is on the Star Chamber order, but from what I have heard, I think that they had better be kept secret. Also, you must be a member of the Mother Church at the small price of one dollar per year. Article fourteen says that every member when reading publicly from any of Mrs. Eddy's books or poems must announce her name as the author. Upon her request any member can be dismissed from the church; or a violation of any of her orders is cause for dismissal." She looked at her husband. "She certainly has things her own way; why don't they call her the Christian Science Czar and be done with it? And here—the Christian Science text book and the Bible are to be your only instructors. Here are two more sections requiring you to announce her name, as if once were not sufficient; and you are not supposed to read anything but her works

at any time, if you want to be loyal. Evidently, your reading must now be restricted." She laid the book down. "David, you are in for it, you can't think for yourself any more, for Mrs. Eddy has done that for you." She mused for a moment. "Really, I don't understand why Mrs. Eddy's name must be announced every time you pick up one of her books or poems. I suppose she wants to keep her name before the public. She quotes from other authors in her books, but she does not always mention their names. In fact, she got most of her ideas from a Mr. Quinby and now refuses to give him a bit of credit and takes all the glory for herself, and everybody knows that Mrs. Eddy was dabbling in Spiritualism, and I think a medium at that, when she became acquainted with this Mr. Quinby, got his manuscripts and then copied them as her own, called it Christian Science, and now she has the audacity to claim to be the founder."

David shrugged his shoulders. "When I am in Christian Science longer, perhaps, I can explain the reason for all that to you. Mrs. Eddy has good reasons for all that she does, I am sure of that."

She looked at him. "David, you seem worried. Are you in trouble?"

"Not exactly, but I wish I hadn't gone for that book. You know they expect considerable of me, being a Reader, and I had to subscribe quite liberally, something like thirty dollars."

"But we can't afford it, David."

"I expect to take it out of my salary."

"Goodness, you only get ten dollars a month. I suppose that it was that Mother Church fund again."

"Yes," sighed David.

"That Mother Church certainly keeps in close touch with the dollars. You know that note is due in two months or less."

"I have provided for that," said he, as he arose and left the room.

Mrs. Korsan was vexed at him for being so liberal with his subscriptions. He had grumbled because she had given two dollars a month to her church, and to please him she had reduced her payment to half that amount, but she consoled herself with the thought that with his salary as Reader he could pay the subscriptions.

At the end of the quarter the Treasurer of the church informed David that the treasury was empty and that he would be unable to pay him his salary.

"I thought that we had money in the treasury," said David, crestfallen.

"The Board concluded to send that to the Mother Church."

"That was some time ago."

"Yes, but yesterday I was ordered to send seventy-five dollars, all we had on hand."

One of the trustees joined them. "The Second Reader donated her salary," said he. "She is a true Scientist and willing to make sacrifices for the benefits she receives."

David felt provoked, but made no reply.

A few days later he received notice from the bank that the note given by him for one hundred dollars was due and payable. He had had money laid aside to meet the note, but expecting that his salary as Reader would make up the deficiency, had taken thirty dollars to pay the church subscriptions, careful to conceal the fact from Mrs. Korsan.

"I am glad we can meet that note," said she.

He felt uneasy. "I used thirty dollars of

what we had laid aside to pay my subscriptions, expecting to replace it with my salary."

"I suppose they can pay you your salary. Mrs. Bates told me that they had plenty of money to meet all expenses and debts. She said that Christian Scientists demonstrate to pay all their bills."

"The Second Reader donated her salary, and the money they had in the treasury they sent to the Mother Church."

An expression of scorn passed over Mrs. Korsan's face. "The idea of you Scientists sitting on board benches, and robbing yourselves, so that this Mother Church, a thousand miles away, can have an elegant edifice, that none of you may have the satisfaction of seeing. So they have demonstrated the Second Reader's salary by having her donate it. A wonderful demonstration, indeed! The cancelling of that note against you will not be demonstrated in that way."

A rap at the door terminated the discussion. Mrs. Korsan admitted Peter Brindle.

David and Peter discussed church affairs for some time, but the uppermost thought in David's mind was how to meet the note. Finally he

told Peter of his predicament, which Mrs. Korsan overheard, and paused to hear the outcome. David asked Peter for the loan of a sufficient sum to tide him over his embarrassment.

"I never borrow or lend," said Peter, thoughtfully. "You see that I have so many things to—"

His manner angered Mrs. Korsan and she stepped into the room.

"You don't need to borrow money, David Korsan!" said she, provoked. She placed her hand behind a picture and withdrew some paper money, which she tossed in her husband's lap. "There is thirty dollars, enough to pay the note. I have been saving this by dribs, in the hope that I could get a new wrap this winter—but of course we must pay our debts first."

Peter's face lighted up with a smile. "David, that was a beautiful demonstration!" he exclaimed. "It proves that the understanding of Christian Science will meet every need. See how beautifully it has enabled you to get the money to pay that note!"

A frown passed over Mrs. Korsan's face. "That beautiful demonstration means that I will have to go without a wrap. I saved the money

and I can't see where Christian Science is entitled to the credit."

"Take no thought what ye shall wear," replied Peter. "Christian Science will supply your needs."

To hide her tears, Mrs. Korsan left the room.

David felt guilty. He knew how badly she wanted the wrap and imagined the sacrifices she had made to get it, but he also knew that the note had to be paid, and he was provoked to have proclaimed as a triumph of Christian Science that which she had, without assistance of any sort, or even a thought of Christian Science, provided for him.

CHAPTER III.

Almost Persuaded

THE Christian Scientists were very proud that Mr. Fred Leonard had become interested in their belief. As he had wealth and social standing, they all but idolized him, and repeatedly told him how glad they would be if he would become one of their flock. He was a regular attendant at their services and a very liberal giver toward the support of the church, it being reported that he was ready to give five thousand dollars toward the erection of a Christian Science edifice. He studied the Christian Science text book, but was unable to believe many of its most vital assertions, and when importuned to become a member by David Korsan and some of the other students, made known his unbelief.

"You will demonstrate out of that," asserted Mrs. Knox, a practitioner. "You are searching for the truth and God will help you to find it. We will all hold the thought that you are going to believe every word in that book, and

in time you will; and because you don't believe every assertion in Science and Health is no reason why you cannot join our church now."

"I can't join the church until I believe every one of its teachings," replied Mr. Leonard, thoughtfully.

"That is not at all necessary," said Miss Gray, also a practitioner. "As has been said, we will all hold the thought that you are going to believe, and that you do believe every word in Science and Health, and in time God will show you the light and truth."

"Is that what your Science and Health teaches you to do to make converts?" asked Mr. Leonard, surprised.

"Most assuredly," replied Miss Gray.

"I would call that mesmerism," said Mr. Leonard, thoughtfully.

"Goodness, no! It is the very opposite!" exclaimed Mrs. Knox.

Mr. Leonard shook his head. "If all of you hold the thought that I am to believe a statement that my conscience tells me is untrue, it certainly looks to me like a form of mesmerism."

"Not when we are trying to make you be-

lieve the truth," explained Miss Gray. "Of course, if we were trying to make you believe an untruth it would be different. That is the distinction."

"I suppose in the whole world that on an average ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a hundred thousand would say that you are wrong, and that Christian Science is not the truth. Now, how are we to determine who is right and who is wrong," argued Mr. Leonard.

"I am surprised at you, Mr. Leonard," said Miss Gray. "You must know that you are God's child and you are His image and likeness, and such being the case, truth will manifest itself. In fact, you are a true Christian Scientist, but you don't seem to realize it."

"I may be, but as yet I can't conscientiously unite with the church," affirmed Mr. Leonard.

A rumbling noise was heard and the engines and wagons of the fire department came tearing down the street, their clanging bells adding chaos to the tumult. From all sides people rushed to the scene. Mr. Leonard and David arose to look out the window to get a better

view. Panting horses, drawing a smoking engine, sped by upon a lope. A massive hook and ladder wagon next whirled past, its turns at times almost throwing the horses from their feet, then other huge wagons and their apparatus rushed by leaving in their wake clouds of smoke ;the echoes of fiercely clanging bells and heavy rumblings, with an inquiring people densely congregated upon the sidewalk.

As Mr. Leonard and David resumed their seats, Miss Gray said, "Mr. Korsan, you ought to never look at a scene like that, for by so doing, you make a reality out of it. You should at once take up the thought that it a false alarm, that it is error, that there is no fire, that fire is material, a creation of mortal mind, and therefore harmless. I always do this, and when it is all over, I have made inquiries and learned that it was a false alarm and that there was no fire. Thus my understanding of Christian Science enabled me to make an unreality of fire, that it exists only to mortal sense and therefore has no existence."

David was embarrassed because of the rebuke. "I don't look at it in that light," said he.

Mr. Leonard smiled. "Don't you think that

you are carrying things to the extreme?" he asked.

"Indeed not!" affirmed Miss Gray. "Mrs. Eddy tells us such things and even greater can be accomplished by following her teachings."

A few squares away smoke was ascending toward the sky, which Mr. Leonard noticed through a side window.

"Then you demonstrated as the engines were passing?" said he.

"Indeed I did," replied Miss Gray. "In fact, it has become a habit with me to demonstrate when any error is voiced, or when mortal sense attempts to make a reality out of an untruth."

Mr. Leonard and David watched the smoke as it grew more dense. At times it appeared to have died down, then burst forth with renewed fury. At last it disappeared almost entirely, then suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. Streams of water began pouring into the fiery furnace, and the flames and water fought as if in deadly conflict, sending forth angry, hissing roars, that could be heard squares away. Swarms of people hastened along the street toward the scene, and soon the whole city

resounded with the thrilling ringing of fire bells. Additional engines and carts, with massive ladders rumbled along drawn by fiery steeds upon a gallop.

David and Mr. Leonard were unable to longer control their curiosity and went to the window.

"The Lake Hotel is on fire," said David.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Gray, joining them. "Oh! it can't be."

Her home was not far from the hotel.

"It hasn't reached my home," said she, relieved. "Friends, we must declare the truth. We must declare that fire cannot burn my home. It just can't, for all my valuables are there. There is no fire and truth will annihilate this hateful illusion of mortal mind." She looked imploringly at her friends, "Let us silently demonstrate the truth."

The Scientists dropped into their seats and did their silent work, while Mr. Leonard gazed out the window.

Streams of water still played over the building. Soon the whole fire department was working its best and a flood of water poured upon the fire. The flames began to subside and

naught but dense clouds of smoke ascended from the building. Gradually the smoke decreased in volume. The fire was under control.

"My home is safe! What a beautiful demonstration!" exclaimed Miss Gray in delight. "When we all began to declare the truth old mortal mind just had to give away. And yet at no time was I uneasy, for Science and Health was in my home, and where that blessed book is no harm can come."

Mrs. Knox turned to Mr. Leonard. "Can't you see what we have done, or rather what truth has done for us? The moment that we began to silently declare the truth the mortal illusion of fire had to give way."

Though Mr. Leonard doubted that their demonstrations had anything to do with the extinguishment of the fire, he had to admit that as soon as they began their silent work the flames began to subside. He did not want to offend them and sat silent, all eyes turned upon him. He saw his coach coming down the street. "I don't know what to say," said he. "It was probably a coincidence."

He shook hands in farewell and went to his waiting carriage.

He had a spirited team of horses, and as they were driven near the scene of the fire, one became frightened and reared furiously. Its actions frightened its mate and before assistance could be given, the coachman lost control of the frightened horses. With open mouths and inflated nostrils the animals dashed at a breakneck speed down the street, their speed increasing in spite of the efforts of the coachman. The coach swayed from one side of the street to the other, and every moment its occupants were in danger of being hurled to death. A large truck was coming toward them, and before the driver could turn the maddened horses aside, there was a deafening crash, followed by silence, which was broken by an agonizing groan.

The horses struggled fiercely, entangled in the harness, but brave hands caught them, while others hastened to free the imprisoned occupants of the wrecked carriage.

The coachman was but slightly bruised, but Mr. Leonard's injuries were of a serious nature. Physicians and an ambulance were soon upon the scene and the injured men were taken to their homes. Upon examination it

was found that Mr. Leonard's arm and leg were broken, which the surgeons set at once. After this operation Mr. Leonard rested more easily, but soon a reaction set in and he suffered intensely, so he sent for Mrs. Knox, and after she had given him a treatment he felt relieved and soon after fell into a doze. Mrs. Knox remained with the afflicted man until morning, then returned to her home for rest.

The news of the accident soon spread over the city. In the morning many Christian Scientists called upon Mr. Leonard and he informed them that Mrs. Knox had his case in charge.

Mrs. Bates held up her hands in horror.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed. "That is an awful mistake! She is not high in the thought. You ought to get Mr. Diston, he is so high, so spiritual, and just from Chicago."

"Yes," interposed Mr. Drout, "Mr. Diston was going to be our Reader, but he didn't want to accept the office because we can't afford to pay him very much, so we have agreed to demonstrate patients for him if he would remain with us. You ought to have him treat you,by

all means, for Mrs. Knox is too full of error to do any good."

Mrs. Stone also joined in the discussion, and to the astonishment of Mr. Leonard, all declared Mrs. Knox unfit to give him treatment.

Later in the morning other Christian Scientists called upon him, and he informed them that Mrs. Knox was treating him, but that some had recommended that he employ Mr. Diston.

"Why, he is a mesmerist!" exclaimed one. "He has been thrown out of three Christian Science churches. Where ever he has been he has made trouble. Even his own teacher disowns him, and declares that he is not a loyal student."

"He belongs to this Kansas City thought cult," said another. "They practice hypnotism and are only the refusal of the Christian Science church. If you want relief, and to be healed quickly, you ought to have Miss Gray treat you. I can mention any number of cases where her cures have been instantaneous. She is far higher in the thought than any one in the city."

The patient was so astonished that he knew

not what to say. He looked at his visitors in blank amazement.

"I thought that you based your religion on love," said he.

"That is just the reason that we are giving you this advice. We are old in the thought and know our practitioners, and come to tell you where you can get the most benefit."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have told me all this about Mr. Diston out of pure love?" asked Mr. Leonard, earnestly.

"We certainly have. We have nothing but love for Mrs. Knox and Mr. Diston. Of course, we only look at the spiritual Mr. Diston and the spiritual Mrs. Knox; but the error is, old mortal thought has drowned the good in them. Now, Miss Gray is very high, she don't have mortal mind to contend with. Why, she has taken special instructions of Mrs. Eddy, and she can't be anything but high in the thought."

Mr. Leonard turned his head from them with a sigh and pretended as if he were asleep. At last the visitors tiptoed out of the room and went to see Miss Gray, who was at her home. They told her of their work in her behalf, and discuss-

ed what they called the unscientific actions of Mr. Diston and Mrs. Knox.

Mr. Leonard became restless and feverish, and his injured limbs began to pain exceedingly, but he sent for neither physician or Scientist, since he knew not whom to trust.

Other Scientists called upon Mr. Leonard early in the afternoon, who upheld Mrs. Knox, and said that he should continue to employ her to treat him. They denounced Miss Gray and Mr. Diston.

"Those people are continually interfering with Mrs. Knox's patients," one declared. "They are an awful set, and are not Scientists at all. They will lie and do most anything to get a patient. They are mesmerists and nothing else. They ought to have charges preferred against them."

"And they are trying to make a split in the church," said another.

"And who is this Mr. Ditson?" asked the third. "Didn't he have to leave Dallas because of his malpractice? Didn't he lose one patient after another by their passing on, and did Science more harm than good. And Miss Gray, well, I've known of her, after she was

discharged by a patient, and another practitioner called in, she treated against that patient getting well, and I know of two cases where her patients passed on under it."

The sick man turned his head.

"Get out of my house!" he fairly roared. "Get out of here! The whole pack of you. If this is Christian Science, I don't want to hear any more of it."

His visitors arose, surprised, then hesitated. His face was livid with anger.

"Go!" he exclaimed, pointing to the door. "Don't you or any other Christian Scientist ever enter my home again! I'm done with you all for good and forever."

Attracted by the commotion the servants rushed to the sick man's room.

"Show these people out," he commanded, addressing the servants. "Moreover, don't you dare permit another Christian Scientist to enter this house."

The servants bowed and led the visitors from the room. A physician was sent for, and Mr. Leonard lost all interest in Christian Science, which he denounced as a humbug and the work of devils.

When the Scientists left Mr. Leonard's home, one said, "Mr. Leonard will get his pay for this insult. In Science, men are smitten for their blasphemy. That man will suffer for this!"

"Mr. Diston and Miss Gray have been malpracticing upon him," said another.

"And we must guard ourselves against their malpractice," said the third. "Why, one day my husband and I were in conversation with Mr. Diston, and though he seemed very cordial, I was able to detect his thought, and declare against its power for myself, but it didn't occur to me to protect my husband, and he went down like a shot under the malice thought."

"So that is the cause of his claim of paralysis!" exclaimed one. "How awful! The poor man, so helpless and feeble! Murderers! whom the law cannot reach."

CHAPTER IV.

The Shepherd's Trial

MR. LEONARD'S crushing rebuke to the over-zealous Christian Scientists affected them as if a bomb had exploded in their midst. Each endeavored to shift the blame upon the other, and the church keenly felt the loss of his liberal offerings.

David was much discouraged at the actions of his unruly members, and he confided his troubles to his wife.

"We have been working to get some one of influence in the church," said he, "and as we were about to succeed old mortal mind must snatch from us our fruits."

"David, don't you think that you had better leave that church?" said she, anxiously. "You can see that it is impossible to get any benefit from such disgraceful proceedings."

"Not yet, Ada, I'll try it a little while longer."

She threw herself into a chair, discouraged.

"Have you heard that there is a movement on foot to place this Mr. Diston in as First Reader?"

"It can't be, Ada. Surely you are mistaken?" said he, surprised.

"He was brought here for just that purpose. Mrs. Brindle told me."

A cloud of annoyance passed over David's face.

"I can't believe it."

"I'm indeed sorry. There has been a great change in you since you have been reading. You don't rest well at night. For the past few nights you have tossed and rolled in bed as if in pain. Do you know what I heard?"

He looked at her uneasily.

"You hear more than I do."

"Mrs. Knox has said that some of the members are malpracticing on you. She says that she has seen them do it in church while you were reading."

"What good can that do them?"

"They want you to resign the readership. She says that they are absolutely determined to get you out."

David shuddered. He had tried to conceal

from his wife his uneasiness. For many nights he had been unable to sleep because of the violent pulsations of his heart, which was more annoying than painful. At times when he lay upon his breast, his heart beat so violently that it almost raised him from his bed. He doubted that any person could be so wicked as to wilfully attempt mental assassination, yet he was compelled to admit to himself that certain members who had been occupying rear seats had moved to the front row, and when in the pulpit he felt their burning gaze fixed upon him, their eyes lowered the instant he glanced toward them.

"It can't be," he repeated to himself.

"I am satisfied that they are determined to depose you as Reader," said Mrs. Korsan, not knowing that he referred to a more serious subject that was uppermost in his mind.

David was not a man that could be driven.

"If that is the case, I'll die before I will resign," said he. "Of course, I'd resign if they would come to me in an honorable way, but the way they are acting—never!"

With a pale face upon which was a determined expression, he left the room.

Meantime Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Stone were calling upon the members of the church. At one place they met Miss Gray.

Said Mrs. Bates, "The Manual says that the First Reader must enforce the discipline and by-laws of the church. This David Korsan is afraid to do."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Stone, "if we only had a First Reader that wasn't under the thumb of Mrs. Knox."

"She has him mesmerized," said Miss Gray. "If it isn't that, why don't he discipline her for her actions in Mr. Leonard's case?"

Mrs. Bates assumed a confidential air and leaned toward Miss Gray.

"Stella," said she, looking into her eyes, "it is for you to save our beloved church, to rescue it from the hands of these mesmerists. You are the oldest Scientist in the city and it is your duty to drive this error out of the church. You know that we need a Reader that cannot be manipulated by Mrs. Knox. You know that our present one sends every person that he can to her for treatment. If you want a Reader that cannot be controlled by this Mrs. Knox, Mr. Diston is that man."

Miss Gray meditated for a moment. For many years she had had an ambition to become First Reader, having repeatedly aspired to that office, but always without success. Though she hated Mrs. Knox for her determined opposition, she did not welcome the new opponent. She knew that Mr. Diston and his friends were stealing Mrs. Knox's patients as well as her own, and that Mrs. Knox's hatred for the man exceeded her own. She saw a possibility for her to succeed David as Reader, and increase her practice if she could gain Mrs. Knox's good will, and thus by their united efforts drive Mr. Diston from the field.

"I can't support Mr. Diston," said she. "He may be high in the thought, but it is unscientific for him to come into this field at this time. He is almost a stranger to us—"

"Very well!" sneered Mrs. Bates. "Let the matter drop. I can tolerate this error if you can."

"That is not yourself talking, Mrs. Bates, but old mortal mind. You are God's child filled with love, and if we disagree, why, of course, we should demonstrate and work out

our problems and in the end truth is sure to prevail."

"You are right, Stella," said Mrs. Bates, repenting her hasty words.

"I think you are having all your trouble for nothing," said Mrs. Stone. "David Korsan will not resign. He thinks too much of that salary."

"We will compel him," said Mrs. Bates.

Miss Gray smiled. "Perhaps," said she.

A few days after David met Miss Gray, who greeted him very cordially. After they had talked for a time David told her he had heard there was a movement on foot to make Mr. Diston Reader.

"Has that cruel rumor reached your ears?" asked she, with feeling. "Don't let such voicing of error affect you, for there is no possibility of its success. God placed you there as Reader, and it is your duty to hold the office until the expiration of your term."

David was surprised at her unexpected support. He had heard that she was one of the leaders of the movement to depose him. He saw that she meant her words, and a more kindly feeling for her arose within him.

"Are many in favor of my resigning?" he asked.

"Just two or three. This error is fast dying out. Stick to your post, my dear Mr. Korsan. Mrs. Knox and myself and all the older students are holding the highest thought for you, and next Sunday you will find it much easier to read. The error in the church has been affecting you, but with our aid you will be able to rise above it."

As it had been gradually becoming more hard for David to read the lesson sermon, her assurance that he would find it easier to read in the future impressed him. He wondered if it was true that thoughts had been directed against him with an intent to do him harm. He wondered if Miss Gray could be a party to such wicked practices.

"You won't resign," said she, pleadingly. David hesitated. "Please don't," she continued.

"I'll remain at my post," he replied, thoughtfully.

She looked into his eyes smiling. "Thank you; and you must call upon me occasionally.

We Scientists ought to see more of each other."

He promised to do as she requested.

The following Sunday David had no difficulty in reading the lesson sermon. The feeling as if a hand were clutching at his throat had entirely disappeared. In fact, he felt more at ease than ever before, but perhaps it was because those stinging gazes were not upon him.

On Monday the Sheriff served a summons upon David, stating that a suit had been brought against him to recover damages sustained by a little girl who had been bitten by a vicious dog, of which it was alleged David was the owner.

"That isn't my dog!" proclaimed David. "It came here and I've driven it away repeatedly, but it always comes back. I didn't want to kill it, for it appeared to be a valuable animal, and its owner might have made me trouble."

"That is a matter for the court," replied the Sheriff. "I can't do anything. The best thing that you can do is to get a lawyer."

"I suppose so," sighed David, "but I hate to be put to that expense for something I am not responsible for."

David employed a lawyer who listened attentively to the facts.

"You ought to win," said the attorney, "but of course one can never tell what a court or jury will do."

"Surely you don't think they can hold me liable for the acts of a dog that does not belong to me?" gasped David.

"Courts and juries do many unaccountable things. The chances are in your favor and I'll do all I can for you," replied the attorney.

So as to induce the attorney to take an interest in the case, David paid him a liberal retainer.

Mrs. Knox and Miss Gray having heard of David's trouble called at his home to see him. Finally he told them the facts.

"Simply declare the truth and you can't lose that suit," said Mrs. Knox.

"Take up the thought that this is a false claim, that you are not to be tried before a material court, but before a higher court, that will give you justice," added Miss Gray.

"My dear teacher was sued by a disloyal student not long ago, who charged her with some awful things; and that dear woman, sin-

gle handed, without a lawyer, without a friend, went before the Judge, merely declaring the truth; that right and truth was with her and therefore must prevail. That the Judge was God's spiritual child, and therefore couldn't do any wrong; that he would and must decide the case in her favor. And it was as she wished, for upon her bare statement, without even placing her upon the witness stand, the Judge threw the case out of court," said Mrs. Knox.

David intimated to the ladies that he was unable to pay them for demonstrating the lawsuit for him, whereupon they told him that he could do the work himself, and that they would assist him by holding the highest thoughts of truth and success.

Though Mrs. Korsan accepted their assertions with doubt, she eagerly drank in their words, for the suit meant much to her and her husband. If it prevailed all the earnings they had saved during their marriage would be swept away, therefore she was willing to grasp at anything that gave the assurance of justice. In time she forced herself to believe that in following the advice of the Scientists and by an earnest study of Science and Health, demon-

strating as it taught, it would be impossible for the suit to be decided against them. She studied the Christian Science teachings with earnestness, and jointly with her husband demonstrated for success.

At last the day of the trial came. The jury was empaneled and sworn and the evidence heard, the plaintiff's attorney bringing out the fact that David was a Christian Scientist, and in his argument to the jury abused David villainously. Finally the Judge charged the jury, and the latter in charge of the Bailiff retired for deliberation. When the jury returned into the court room they turned their heads from David as they passed him. This action filled him with misgivings, and David anxiously watched the Judge while he was reading the verdict. He knitted his brow as he entered its words upon his docket. Slowly he faced the jury, "Listen to your verdict, gentlemen," said he. "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff and assess her damages at one thousand dollars."

David and his wife sat in mute astonishment. His attorney arose and made the usual motion for a new trial, whereupon the court adjourned.

David's attorney had a friend upon the jury, and when in the corridor called him to one side.

"Dick," said the attorney, "how in the world did you arrive at such a verdict?"

Dick Avery hesitated. "Well, it was like this," said he, "on the first ballot we stood ten for Korsan and two for the girl. You'll have to admit that old Barley's plea was mighty touchin'. Well, sir, we couldn't git them two to give an inch. Finally some one mentioned that Christian Science business, and about all of us agreed that they were a peculiar lot—a little wrong in the head, you know. Well, sir, one after another went over to the little girl. I didn't want to stand out alone, bein' that we was makin' so much expense to the county, so I finally give in. But between you and me it was that Christian Science business that beat Korsan."

The lawyer knit his brow. "Will you make an affidavit to that, Dick?"

"I reckon I can safely do it."

"Then come with me to the office. I'm not a member of any church, but I do love justice, and I swear that no jury is going to rob a client of mine of it. This is a free country, and a

man has a right to believe what he pleases so far as religion is concerned, and if we permit this sort of thing, it is no telling where it will end."

"I reckon you're right. That's just what I was tellin' the other fellers, but they wouldn't listen," replied the Juryman as he and the attorney started for the latter's office.

When David and his wife arrived at their home, Mrs. Korsan threw herself upon the bed and wept bitterly. Finally David succeeded in quieting her.

"David," said she, "I'm done with Christian Science forever, and never again will I enter the doors of one of its churches. Ever since you have been in Christian Science it seems to me that everything has been against us. I don't say that Christian Science is the cause of our misfortunes, but it certainly hasn't helped us. I depended on it to win this suit for us. I forced myself into believing its teachings, for I knew that right was with us. I was earnest, I was sincere. It was the only time I had needed assistance for years. I leaned on it, and eagerly drank of its teachings—you see the re-

sult. If it can't help us when we are in need, we don't need it at any other time."

David felt skeptical and with a heavy heart he went to the street in the hope that a walk would restore his spirits.

On his return to his home, he found Mrs. Knox and Miss Gray waiting for him. They greeted him cordially and both he and Mrs. Korsan saw that they were sorely disappointed at the result of the trial.

"Don't lose faith in Science for this seeming defeat," said Mrs. Knox. "For at times we are unable to understand the workings of truth, which in the end will always prevail. And often a seeming defeat proves to be a victory."

"Yes," said Miss Gray, "I want to tell you of my dear Teacher's experience. She was heir to a vast fortune, which for years was tied up in the courts. During all this time she demonstrated that she would be restored to her rights. Finally the case reached the highest court, and was decided against her. But it proved a blessing; it was the ordeal through which she must pass to do a higher work. The long, costly trial left her penniless, and again she appealed to Christian Science. Something

told her that her duty was to do active work in the cause of Christian Science. She went into the work, and it has rewarded her. Today she has an elegant home, plenty of servants and money, and treble what she would have had had the suit been decided in her favor. Thus you see that she received her reward by the understanding of Christian Science, but it was not as she first expected."

Other similar cases were cited where defeat was followed by good fortune, which greatly impressed David, but not Mrs. Korsan.

A few days later David received a letter from his attorney informing him that a new trial had been granted in his case. As the lawyer had not mentioned to David the facts he had learned from the Juryman, David and his wife were much surprised at the good news.

"It's a demonstration of Christian Science!" said he to his wife. "At last it has triumphed over this material court and base injustice."

They hastened to the Lawyer's office, who informed them by what means he had obtained a new trial.

"You don't mean to say that because of David's connection with Christian Science that

the jury decided against him!" exclaimed Mrs. Korsan, surprised.

"Were it not for that, there is no doubt the verdict would have been in your favor," replied the lawyer.

She looked at David. "So that is the fruits of our understanding and the demonstration in Christian Science! That is how we have been rewarded!"

"Isn't this justice? Haven't we been granted a new trial?"

"But we can't thank Christian Science for it, indeed not!"

"Never mind!" interposed the lawyer. "Old Barley won't be able to smuggle into the evidence that you are a Christian Scientist at the next trial. The judge scored him for such pettyfogging."

Shortly after the case was again tried, and decided in David Korsan's favor. Mrs. Knox and Miss Gray hastened to congratulate him on his success.

"Christian Science is entitled to all the credit!" asserted Mrs. Knox.

"Indeed it is!" said Miss Gray. "By an

understanding of Christian Science all error can be overcome."

Mrs. Korsan was about to tell them the truth, but saw that her husband believed their words, so remained silent.

At the meeting the following Wednesday evening Miss Gray told how with an understanding of Christian Science David had been enabled to obtain justice, and for weeks afterward the testimony was repeated, each time being exaggerated, to the credit of Christian Science.

CHAPTER V.

A Conference of the Flock

THE President of the church, Mr. Dore, and his wife, though considerering themselves high in the Christian Science thought, concluded to take the normal course of instruction, which consisted of a series of twelve lectures given by one of Mrs. Eddy's students. The course of instruction made them feel that they had reached a very high spiritual plane, and upon their return home they deemed it their duty to lift the world from what they considered the mortal error in which it was wollowing. The orthodox faith seemed to them a sea of error. They seldom spoke to Christian Scientists without quoting some passages from Science and Health, which book they carried with them both day and night. The founder of so-called Christian Science was their ideal and type of perfection, after whom they copied.

Mrs. Dore demonstrated everything, from the paring of a potato to the attempted anni-

hilation of the wort upon her nose, but that unsightly protuberance obstinately refused to yield to Christian Science treatment, in fact, it seemed to thrive upon it, for the wort grew larger, and the nose itself began to resemble the nose of a man who had for years imbibed too freely in the use of whiskey.

If Mr. Dore was about to set up a stove, he demonstrated. If he beheaded a chicken, or threw a brick at courting cats that disturbed his midnight slumbers, he demonstrated. In fact, the Dores were so Scientific that every act, insignificant though it might be, was a beautiful demonstration of the wonders of Christian Science.

As the Dores thought they were much higher in Christian Science than any of the members of the church, they took upon themselves the responsibility of conducting the business and spiritual affairs of the church.

If it was mentioned that there was not a sufficient income to meet the expense of the church, Mr. Dore replied, "Brother, you must not voice such error, for truth provides every need."

All the creditors of the church were not as lenient as David. In fact, the landlord, coal

and gas men persisted in having their pay in something more material than Mr. Dore's demonstrations.

"If you can't demonstrate money for me, I want my building," said the landlord.

"If you are existing on truth and love in this material world, and consider cold an unreality, and your bodies without sensation, what in the thunder are you ordering coal for, especially when you can't pay for it?" said the coal dealer.

The gas was furnished by a souless corporation, and love and truth not being mentioned in its charter, it hadn't the faintest idea of what Mr. Dore meant when he told it that truth supplied all needs and that by an understanding of Christian Science its troubles would cease, so served upon him a notice that the gas would be turned off unless it received its pay in money, the most material, yet essential thing in this civilized age.

These unscientific demands convinced Mr. Dore that a demonstration must be made in money matters, or there would be a clash between the church and the material barons, and

he called a meeting of the congregation for Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Being the President, it was his duty to act as presiding officer, and to impress upon the members his high spiritually, and his adaptability for the readership, to which offices both he and his wife were aspiring since their return from class, he as First Reader and she as Second Reader, he read for ten minutes from the Bible, and an hour and twenty-five minutes from the Christian Science text book, upon his conclusion finding one-half the members asleep and the other half fidgeting in their seats in misery. To raise them from this mortal plane, he then talked about the great good that he and his wife had received at their class instruction, and of the harmony and love that reigned within him, and of his high spiritual understanding. When he had talked about twenty minutes, a number of the members arose and tiptoed to the door.

"Brothers and Sisters," he called, "don't go. Just stay a little longer and we'll be done, for it is not often that we have such spiritual feasts as this."

"It's almost ten o'clock, and it's time to be

at home," replied one of the sisters, as she passed out of the door, followed by others, who made no reply.

When quiet was restored, Mr. Dore resumed, "It is unfortunate that mortal mind can tempt our members to leave. It seems that they have much time for worldly matters, but very little for Christian Science, the uplifting of our spiritual selves. I am enjoying this meeting and I know that every one of you enjoy it as well. As I was saying, these sacrifices that we are making—"

He again stopped, for David Korsan was tip-toeing toward the door.

"Surely our First Reader is proof against mortal mind! I am surprised, Mr. Korsan, that you would be tempted to leave this meeting of God's spiritual children!" said the President.

"It's after ten o'clock," replied David. "Mrs. Korsan is at home alone. We should have been at our business long ago—but if you start at once I'll stay."

"Just in a moment, Brother," snapped Mr. Dore.

David returned to his seat and Mr. Dore continued his discourse.

One after another fell into a doze, and before long Mr. Dore's words fell upon deaf ears. A few were snoring, but Mrs. Dore was blinking her eyes vigorously in her effort to keep awake.

This state of affairs angered Mr. Dore and he rapped loudly with a hymnal upon the desk.

The sleeping members were startled, and realizing where they were, sat erect, opened wide their eyes and stared at Mr. Dore as if absorbed in his words.

Mr. Dore concluded by telling them that they were not liberal enough in their offerings, and were not giving to the church in proportion as Christian Science had blessed them.

"Why," said he proudly, "I and my wife give twenty-five cents every Sunday, and every one ought to do the same."

The Treasurer of the church arose. "Mr. President," said he, "to meet the running expenses of the church each member must pay at least fifty cents a week. Of course, some are paying much more, but the most are giving much less. We can't expect to keep the church going with the contributions that are being given."

Said Mr. Dore. "Brothers and Sisters, we must demonstrate more money, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to send a fund to the Mother Church this week. Mr. Treasurer," he looked at that person with an important air, "just double my subscription, please."

"You mean fifty cents a week for you and your wife?" asked the Treasurer.

"Certainly, sir. Just double my subscription. I want to set a good example."

"Well, even then you are not paying your share of the expenses. You and your wife should pay at least one dollar a week."

"I don't understand it that way, Mr. Treasurer." His face grew red. "Brothers and Sisters, you must make a better demonstration in these matters. I—well—mortal mind might deceive us, and for—"

"Mr. President!" called David. "I move—"

"As soon as I get through saying the little I wish to say, Mr. Korsan, then you can have the floor," said Mr. Dore empatically.

When he concluded, Mrs. Knox arose and made a motion, which was promptly seconded.

"I am not in favor of that motion," said Mr.

Dore, and for fifteen minutes he stated his objections, which were upon scientific grounds. "Divine love will guide us in this matter, so I move that we send notices to all the members stating that we are in debt, and I am sure that the demonstration will be made."

"That has been done," said the Treasurer.

Mr. Dore ignored the remark.

"Do I hear a second to the motion," asked he.

David arose. "Mrs. Knox's motion is before the congregation; it was seconded and has not been withdrawn. Besides we are governed by Roberts Rules of Order, and your motion is out of order—"

"My motion is in order, sir!" asserted the President, "and I want you to understand, sir, that we are governed by love, and not such materiality as Roberts Rules."

"That is what our by-laws say," said David.

"I am not in favor of Mrs. Knox's motion," continued Mr. Dore, ignoring David's remark, "and as President I am going to conduct this meeting according to the teachings of our dear Leader." He looked at the astonished members. "Who will second my motion?" Not

a sound was heard. "Then I second it," said he. "All in favor say so." If a pin had been dropped it could have been heard. "Silence gives consent and the motion is carried." He looked at the members reprovingly, "I am surprised at this indifference. I had—"

Miss Gray arose. "Mr. President—"

"Just a moment, Miss Gray, and I'll be through."

All except Mrs. Dore started for the door.

"We are not through yet. We have much to do," Mr. Dore called loudly.

"It is time that we were home. It is almost twelve o'clock," retorted Mrs. Knox.

In a moment only Mrs. Dore and a few others faced the President.

"He'll not run things like he has tonight at our next meeting," said Mrs. Knox, when the members reached the sidewalk.

"Such a chairman!" sighed one. "I've seen many, but none worse."

"It was awful," was the unanimous expression, whereupon they began to leave for their homes.

"The cars are not running and I dread to go

home alone," said Miss Gray, the words being meant for David's ears.

David hesitated, for he thought of his wife at home, whom he suspected was waiting for him, but did not wish to appear ungallant, so volunteered to act as her escort. Miss Gray took hold of his arm, and though David was in haste she walked slowly. For a time they talked of the meeting, then Miss Gray gradually turned the subject of conversation to personal affairs. When David mentioned his wife, she asked if she intended to become a member of the church.

"I think not," replied David. "Here of late she has refused to even come to church."

Miss Gray admitted that Mrs. Korsan's absence had not escaped her notice.

"Mrs. Korsan is farther from Christian Science than ever," said David. "In fact, she is now very much opposed to it."

Miss Gray gently pressed David's arm. "What a pity that wives refuse to believe as their husbands. If young people could look into the future I imagine that there would be a different choosing of partners in most cases."

"I suppose that is right. Yet that is not my case," replied David, smiling.

"My! I didn't refer to you. I was only speaking in a general way. Yet I venture to say that this difference of religious belief between you and Mrs. Korsan must at times prove very unpleasant."

David realized that she had spoken the truth.

"Mrs. Korsan is very considerate and reasonable," said he.

"She is such a sweet woman. It is really too bad that you can't go to her and discuss the beauty and wonders of Christian Science. Do you know, I should think that you would want some confident that you could go to—to talk Science. It is these discussions that enables us to see the highest truth and more easily reach that high spiritual plane." She looked into his eyes, smiling. "Once you promised to call on us, but you have been real naughty, and have forgotten your promise."

David explained that he had been busy, and had little time to go visiting.

"Papa would enjoy your company so much. He thinks that you are so high in the thought, and such a noble man."

"Then why don't he come to church?" asked David.

"Just got out of the habit, I suppose; but I am sure that if you would call and see him, that he would come again. In fact, I know that he is disappointed because you have not called upon us."

She flattered David so skillfully that before he left her home, he was convinced that she was a wonderful woman. Her aim was to please him, and she succeeded far beyond her expectations, for on his return home David found himself comparing his wife's unsympathetic ways with the woman he had just left, who seemed to understand him so well.

Meantime Mrs. Korsan had been patiently waiting for her husband's return. She read until ten o'clock, yet was not so absorbed in the book that her ears were not on the alert for his footsteps. When the clock gave the half hour stroke, she suspected that an unusual amount of business must have detained him. At the eleventh hour she became alarmed, and could no longer keep her mind on her book, so paced the floor, alternately looking at the clock and opening the door, each moment sure she heard

his footsteps, but he did not come. At midnight her fears were beginning to take tangible form in her mind, and she imagined that David must have met with an accident, perhaps had been taken to a hospital, unconscious, that Doctors were cutting off a mangled limb, and not knowing his identity could not send for her. She even pictured his pain and agony, without her presence to comfort him. When the clock struck one, her mood changed, and felt that David was away from his home so late at night for no good reason. She went over in her mind the ladies of the church who might have been at the business meeting, and who had no husband to accompany them home. She was able to think of several and felt sure that David had gone home with one of them. Her anger arose as her thoughts dwelt upon such a possibility. Not for a moment did she think it possible that the church business meeting could last until one o'clock in the morning. Shortly after the clock struck one David came home. He tried to be nonchalent, as though it might have been no later than ten o'clock, and looked everywhere but at his wife, who sat silently gazing at him. He was a long time hanging

up his hat and coat, and then went to the kitchen and drank a glass of water very slowly. Presently he sauntered back into the living room, and threw himself into a chair.

The silence was becoming oppressive, when he said, with a rather apologetic smile, "They were not through when I left."

"Why, when did you leave?" asked she, severely.

"About half-past twelve."

"Do you mean," she asked incredulously, "that they were transacting business at such a time?"

"The meeting hadn't adjourned when I left."

"Of course you came straight home?"

"I stopped outside the church a few minutes to talk."

She looked at him suspiciously. "I don't believe you, David Korsan. You have a guilty look upon your face. A fine time of the night for you to come home, I must say. Certainly you have no need to be proud of your Christian Science friends and their meetings."

Her words angered him, and in his mind he

compared her greeting to his parting with Miss Gray.

At that early hour of the morning occurred the first serious quarrel between David Korsan and his wife.

Because Mrs. Brindle did not approve of the late hours in which the church transacted its business, she had not permitted Peter to attend the meeting, and at the first opportunity Peter sought Mr. Dore to learn what had been accomplished.

"It was a most harmonious meeting," said Mr. Dore. "There was so much love and harmony manifested, and everybody seemed to be in the same loving thought. There was not the least discord—such a contrast to our past meetings. It was a beautiful demonstration. But —" He looked at Peter reprovingly. "Mr. Brindle, it was your duty to have been there, for every member should take an active interest in the church affairs."

"I'd have been there," said Peter, "but Mrs. Brindle—well, she says our meetings last too late. She thinks I ought to be home at ten o'clock."

"You ought not to begrudge a moment for

the cause of Christian Science, and to be scientific you should demonstrate over the objections of your wife."

"You don't know her," exclaimed Peter, earnestly. "When she's got her head set, all the demonstrating in the world couldn't change her, not my Jennie."

"That is voicing error. That is mortal mind talking."

"She says that our business meetings ought to be over at ten o'clock."

"You are very unscientific, Mr. Brindle. You can never make much progress in Science with such mortal thoughts."

"I've demonstrated to get her to quit her objectin', but it didn't do any good, for she's more opposed than ever."

"I'm surprised at you. I thought that you were higher in the thought," said Mr. Dore, shaking his head. "That is a very small demonstration in Christian Science. Think of the fires that have been in the land, and Science and Health in the midst of the consuming flames, and yet when the fires died down they would find among the ashes our beloved text book, Science and Health, with key to the Scriptures,

by Mary Baker G. Eddy, unharmed and unscorched, and absolutely proof against the flames. Not a leaf would be burned, not even the cover soiled—"

Mrs. Dore rushed into the room, crying in pain, "My arm! My arm!"

"What is the trouble?" asked her husband, surprised.

She held her arm before him. "Oh, my arm! I scalded it! Oh! Oh!"

"There is no sensation in matter. There is nothing the matter with your arm. Declare the truth as Science and Health teaches us. You must not encourage old mortal mind as you are doing," advised Mr. Dore.

The tears stood in her eyes and she longed for a word of sympathy. The words of her husband were unfeeling.

"You seem to be glad that I am scalded. I suppose you would be glad to see me dead!" she moaned, angered.

"My dear, you have just returned from class, and should know that you ought to go to your Science and Health, and the moment you see the book, this, what to mortal sense is a scald, will disappear."

"I think you might at least sympathise with me. There is no use being so heartless," she whimpered, as she threw her arm about in distraction.

"My dear, I can't make a reality out of nothing."

"Nothing! Nothing!" she fairly screamed. "Just look at those frightful blisters. Oh! but you are heartless!"

"Do as I say, go to your Science and Health, and I will help you. I'll take up the thought right away. I'll demonstrate at once, and in a moment this illusion will be annihilated."

He excused himself to Peter and stepped into a side room, closing the door after him.

Mrs. Dore returned to the kitchen, where her Science and Health lay open. Since her return from class she had fallen into the habit of performing her household duties with her Science and Health open at her side, so that she could conveniently read some of its passages at times, and often she became so absorbed in reading the book that she forgot her cooking, which burned or suffered some other mishap, which misfortunes she ascribed to the wicked-

ness of mortal mind. On this day while reading the book she upset a kettle of hot water, a portion of which fell upon her arm. The scald pained her so much that she rushed to her husband, as has been described.

While her husband was demonstrating, she was in the kitchen endeavoring to read the book, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she swung her arm to and fro to ease her misery.

Finally Mr. Dore came to the kitchen. "You are all right now," said he, with a smile.

She held her arm before him, the expression and pallor of her face telling of her suffering.

"Send for a doctor! You must, for I can't stand this longer!" she wailed.

"My dear, that is not scientific."

"I can't help it, I must have relief."

"You are not yourself, dear. Let me treat you again."

"Send for a doctor. I must have relief!" she cried.

Mr. Dore reluctantly complied with her request, but also sent for Mr. Diston, the Christian Science practitioner.

The doctor was the first to arrive.

"It is not a bad scald," said he. "Certainly it is very painful, but I'll soon stop that with a little lime water and linseed oil."

"Will it leave one of those horrible scars, doctor?"

"I doubt it, the scald is not deep."

The arm was soon dressed and the pain began to cease, and when Mr. Diston arrived Mrs. Dore was chatting and laughing.

"As I expected!" exclaimed Mr. Diston. "As soon as you telephoned me of the accident, I took up the thought." He looked at Mrs. Dore with a smile of triumph. "You have responded beautifully to truth. But really, I am surprised that you sent for a doctor."

"Old mortal mind just made me," said she. "I did try to help myself, but the belief of pain was too strong."

"It would be scientific to remove what the doctor put on your arm," said Mr. Dore.

"Oh my no!" exclaimed Mrs. Dore.

"No, let the matter rest. What the doctor placed on your arm can do no good nor harm," said Mr. Diston. "Before long the world will demonstrate over error, and then sin, sickness

and death will be understood as unreal, and as an illusion of mortal mind."

For a week Mrs. Dore kept her arm bandaged, the physician having been discharged, and the case placed in Mr. Diston's care. Within ten days the arm was healed and naught remained as evidence of the scald but the red spot on her arm.

At the Wednesday evening meeting, Mrs. Dore told of her experience; how her arm was cooked to the bone, and were it not for Christian Science she would have been unable to use the arm for weeks. That all the pain disappeared at the first treatment, and had she not momentarily forgotten Christian Science the healing would have been instantaneous.

Said Peter to Mr. Dore as he left, "Brother, it would have been easier to demonstrate over that scald than over my wife's objections. You are not demonstrating any better than I am."

CHAPTER VI

A House Divided Against Itself

MR. Diston had the born instincts of the politician, and had he adopted that profession would have been at its head. Without an outward expression, he, by his suave manner and innuendoes set his friends to do his bidding. At no time was he familiar with them, for he believed as the sage said, that familiarity breeds contempt.

Wrong thoughts he expressed in language that was capable of a double construction. If what he actually said was repeated, no wrong motive would be suspected, but as it was said, the concealed meaning was apparent.

Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Stone understood Mr. Diston as well as he did himself, but Mr. and Mrs. Dore were too stupid to comprehend his meaning, so to gain their good will and support, he appealed to their vanity by his astute flattery. Despite Mr. Diston's astuteness he was unable to break into the ranks of Mrs.

Knox and Miss Gray, and so long as David had their support he promised them that he would not resign the Readership. Finally Mr. Diston saw that it would be impossible for him to succeed, and his supporters gradually withdrew from the church in which David was Reader and organized a second church with Mr. Diston and his wife as Readers.

At first there was no attempt to conceal the intense hatred that existed between the members of the two churches, but finally they saw that strangers were discussing their actions, so they made a pretense of harmony to quiet criticism.

John King and his wife, a newly married, youthful couple, were members of the original church, but were too absorbed in each other to take part in the business affairs of the church or listen to its troubles.

Mrs. King was about to become a mother. Miss Gray informed her that the child could be born without pain, and the youthful couple, so elated that the prospective mother could be spared this ordeal, employed Miss Gray to take charge of the case, her only assistant being a professional nurse.

One afternoon Mr. King was summoned from his work, and upon his return home found Miss Gray and the nurse making preparations for the new arrival.

"How fortunate that we are in Christian Science!" said the young wife to her husband; "and that our baby can come into the world without pain."

Her husband kissed her. "You darling," he replied, with love and confidence; "soon all will be over, and we will be so happy. I wonder whether it is a boy or girl?"

Thus they talked for a few moments, when an expression of pain passed over the wife's fair face.

"That will not do," said Miss Gray. "You are God's spiritual child, Mrs. King, and this child is going to be born without pain. Now if you will all keep quiet for a few moments, I'll demonstrate."

Miss Gray went to an adjoining room and began her mental work.

Love reigned in the King household and all conditions were favorable for the achievement of all the claims of Christian Science.

Another wave of pain passed over the young

wife's face, who looked appealingly at her husband.

"Never mind," said he, sympathetically, as he wiped the perspiration from her brow.

For a time she fought nobly, but the pain became so intense that she was unable to restrain her cries, which grew more heartrending, and cut her husband as if a dagger were thrust into his breast.

With the assurance that the suffering was about at an end, Miss Gray calmed Mr. King's fears, then went to the bedside of the suffering woman..

"There is no pain to God's child," said she; "and all this is a mere illusion of mortal mind."

"I know! I know!" almost screamed the sufferer.

Miss Gray fully explained the principles and claims of Christian Science; then remained at the bedside to continue her work, but in spite of all the applications of Christian Science teachings, the pains of the sufferer grew in intensity, and her cries more heartrending.

After several hours of this suffering the young woman was almost exhausted. Large beads of perspiration stood upon her swollen

face, and the palms of her hands bore the imprints of her finger nails, because of the vice-like closing of her hands during the spasms of pain.

The nurse, who had been silent, could bear the scene no longer.

"Something must be done to help this poor woman," said she. "I can't stand this much longer."

Miss Gray approached the sufferer. "Dear one," said she, "there is no sensation in matter. You have no pain."

"Oh, don't tell me that again!" the young woman groaned. "If there is anything in Christian Science why must I suffer so. You must do something to stop this pain, for I can't stand it much longer."

"Don't lose courage, dear," pleaded Miss Gray. "I'll demonstrate again. We are all holding the highest thought for you." She looked at the nurse. "I fear that your thoughts are not what they ought to be."

"I am hoping that this poor woman will be spared this pain," replied the nurse. "I have attended many obstetric cases, but this suffering is unusual. Indeed, I had supposed that every-

thing would have been over long ago, and if you don't do something very soon, I am going for a doctor."

"Oh, if a doctor can help me, do get him!" pleaded the wife, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"Just give me a few minutes," begged Miss Gray. She turned to the nurse, "You want a doctor; that is the whole trouble, and the cause of all this imagination of pain. You ought not to hold that thought."

The nurse's eyes snapped angrily. "I am not responsible for the failures of Christian Science."

"But you hold the wrong thought; you make a reality of her sufferings."

"Oh God!" groaned the sufferer, "If you were suffering as I am, you would think it a reality. I'll die if this don't stop. I must! I must have relief."

Miss Gray again demonstrated, but without result.

Mr. King's patience was exhausted.

"Miss Gray, this foolishness has been going on long enough," he asserted vehemently. He addressed the nurse, "You have had experience

and know what is best to do, now do something and do it quickly."

"Perhaps I can relieve her quicker than by waiting for a doctor," said she, as she stepped into Mrs. King's chamber and closed the door after her. There were a few groans and then a cry of relief. The child had been born.

The child was placed to one side, and the nurse made the mother as comfortable as possible. In a half hour the little stranger was in its cradle, its proud father hovering over it.

"You must thank Christian Science for that baby," said Miss Gray. "If I hadn't demonstrated, it is no telling what would have happened because of the awful thoughts held over Mrs. King."

The nurse overheard the words, which angered her.

"Yes, you demonstrated, and demonstrated, but what did it amount to? I suppose that if the poor woman had died you would have thought it a mere illusion. Had I given her a little help as needed, she would have been spared many hours of suffering; and I would have done so had the case been in my charge. Your pow-wowing would have made an end of

both the mother and child had you kept it up much longer. She wanted a little help, not that nonsense!" With these parting words the nurse returned to her duties.

"Animal magnetism! and the evil thoughts of that woman was the cause of all your wife's seeming suffering," said Miss Gray to Mr. King, angered.

"I am satisfied that the nurse has done no harm, but, on the contrary, much good, Miss Gray. You know this was terrible, and I never want a similar experience."

"Conditions were not right. This woman's thought for a doctor and the animal magnetism of Mrs. Knox and Mr. Diston, and their malpracticing upon me, accounts for all this suffering. I can see it now."

"They are Christian Scientists, are they not?"

"In name, but the awful animal magnetism! Their malpractice! Oh, I must fight it daily! My first prayer in the morning is that it might not be visited upon me. It kills! And if in one's hands who was once a true Christian Scientist, or in the hands of a true Scientist who entertains any hatred for another, its power is

something awful; for it kills! It murders! And human law cannot bring the murderer to justice, for there is no way of proving the crime."

"Can animal magnetism harm one who does not believe in its power?" asked Mr. King, with a shudder.

"Not unless one should willingly submit to treatment," said she, thoughtfully.

There was a dangerous look in his eyes.

"I want your good will and so far as I am concerned I am not afraid of all the animal magnetism and malpractice in the Christian Science membership. But I have an innocent wife and baby here, whom I have foolishly permitted you to treat; they are helpless and they must not have such thoughts visited upon them, and if I see any signs of such doings, God help me if I don't take the law in my own hands and bring the murderer to justice. I have heard of these accusations of malpractice and animal magnetism by Scientists, and I suppose they are true. Furthermore, Mrs. Eddy speaks of it throughout her books and warns against it; and I frankly say that if she believes people have such a power, as she says she does, she nor the church have a right to educate the people to use

it to the injury of their enemies and innocent persons. If she must have students, she should be careful that they are free from hatred and envy, and for the least manifestation of any bitterness, such practitioners should be published to the world that none may become their victims. Students and practitioners should be frank and honest and have a kindly eye. The eye is the window of the soul and a good eye is the best recommendation any man can have." He stopped and passed his hand through his hair. "Henceforth I am done with Christian Science. I want your good will, and the good will of every one in the church."

"You must not withdraw from the church!"

"That is exactly what I am going to do, and Mrs. King will do the same."

Miss Gray begged him to reconsider his decision, but to no purpose. He paid her for her trouble and she returned to her home in a sorrowful and thoughtful state of mind.

The nurse overheard the conversation and was angered that she should be blamed by Miss Gray for holding wrongful thoughts when her intentions were for the best, and it was her help that brought the good results.

The nurse repeated the conversation to some of her friends, which soon reached the ears of Mrs. Knox.

"So Miss Gray accuses me of malpractice upon her, of animal magnetism!" she exclaimed, her face pale with anger. "She must judge me by herself. It is she that is the cause of my patients not getting relief, and rendering my demonstrations useless. I'll have charges preferred against her and have her put out of the church; and I'll tell where David Korsan spends a good part of his time. I have noticed that he takes her home every Wednesday evening and visits her every Sunday afternoon when he ought to be at home with his wife. But he can't help it; she has him mesmerized and in her power. It is such as she that brings criticism upon Christian Science. She is worse than Mr. Diston ever dare be."

The words were repeated to Miss Gray and war raged again in their church.

Meantime Mr. Diston was having his troubles. His flattery of Mr. and Mrs. Dore had made them more conceited than ever, which, combined with their stupidity, made their company almost unbearable. Also Mr. and Mrs.

Diston had not received their salaries, which they were much in need of, having no money and being unable to live without the comforts required by civilized mankind.

Mr. Dore insisted upon managing the church, with the usual disastrous result. Before long there was an open breach between the gentlemen and their followers, Miss Gray meantime watching the trouble with a view to her own profit. Finally she made overtures to Mr. and Mrs. Dore, who, with their following, withdrew from the new church and returned to the church in which David was Reader; notwithstanding this addition to Miss Gray's following, Mrs. Knox's was the larger.

"I'm demonstrating for truth to starve Mr. Diston and his wife out of this field," said Miss Gray. "When this is done, Divine love will assist us in restoring harmony within this dear church and by driving this Mrs. Knox out of our fold."

This discord was becoming manifested upon many of the members, even upon those who had not taken part in the proceedings. Within a short time three Christian Scientists died, or, as they expressed it, passed on. Others were suf-

fering with different diseases of malignant natures. In fact, the congregations of the two churches took on the appearance of a gathering of the patients of a hospital. Some wore large smoked eye glasses, others had their heads bandaged, one walked upon a crutch, one had her face drawn out of shape by paralysis, another, the side of her neck and face was terribly swollen, with an awful discharge from the ear. The charges of malpractice upon one another flew thick and fast.

Though Mrs. Korsan had not attended services she had learned of the awful hatred that existed in the Christian Science churches, and attributed the change in David to that cause. He was cross and irritable, and had she not avoided him as much as possible, and discreetly refrained from contradicting any of his statements, their domestic life would have taken a serious turn.

She resolved to make another attempt to induce him to leave the church.

"Are you having any new testimonies of late?" asked she one evening in which he appeared in unusually good spirits.

"Mrs. Waters told of her healing a week ago last Wednesday."

"Poor woman!" sighed Mrs. Korsan. "How I wish it were true—she is such a good woman."

"It is true," asserted David, becoming vexed. "She is in perfect health."

Mrs. Korsan shook her head.

"Her trouble has returned. Last Sunday she became so violent that they had to take her back to the asylum."

David gasped in astonishment.

"Come to think of it, she hasn't attended the last two services. So her insanity has returned! I'd never have thought it possible."

"Was she mixed up in the church trouble?"

"Not at all, though I suppose she heard all about it."

"David, why don't you—"

He looked at her, suspecting what she was about to say. She too understood him, and the words she was about to speak were left unspoken.

"Mrs. Morris was taken to the hospital today," she said after a period of silence. "I heard that she was one of Mr. Diston's patients.

An operation was performed upon her eyes."

"That is the usual result of Diston's practicing."

The expression was so unlike her husband that she looked at him in astonishment, then said, "While Mr. Diston was treating her she went totally blind."

"You mean to mortal sense."

"Yes—to mortal sense. She couldn't see, anyway. I suppose you heard about Mrs. Frost?"

"Miss Gray told me that she had a claim of consumption, and that she had treated her, and that she was all over that trouble."

"She is—she is to be buried tomorrow afternoon. She took Christian Science treatment two years."

"And that is just what kept her alive."

"Then Christian Science was cruel in her case. That woman suffered terribly, more than mortal can tell. Every hour she prayed for death to relieve her misery."

"That is mortal mind talking. Such thoughts murder people."

"But they never murdered Mrs. Frost, for

the world almost forgot that she ever existed as she was in bed so long."

"Her passing on was not the fault of Miss Gray. It is this universal thought that there is no cure for consumption that killed her."

"Christian Science claims to be able to rise above that, but you must admit that they are not doing it." She looked pleadingly into his face. "David, can't you see the awful condition in that church? Can't you see that they are murdering each other by malicious thought? Don't you know that you are a changed man, no longer kind, patient and charitable? Can't you see your members are dying fast and that this Christian Science is a curse to them?"

"They are not dying while being treated by Christian Science."

"David, that expression is universal among Christian Scientists and it is the basest of cowardice. You Scientists treat a patient until you see he is about to die, then turn him over to a physician, and blame the physician for the death. They say, 'Well, if he hadn't given up Science he would have lived,' when you know it is a lie, that you turned over a man who was dying under Christian Science treatment."

"Oh thunder!" snarled David. "Christian Science ain't bothering you, so I don't see why you don't let it alone."

"But it is bothering me. It is robbing me of your love. It's breaking up our home, in which love reigned before it entered—reigned until you took up with this Christian Science. David, please, please David, please leave that wicked church and give me back your love, the love that you promised me at the marriage altar. Oh, David, if you only knew how I hungered for your love, I know that you would grant my little request. That church is the cause of all our trouble, but leave it and I will make any sacrifice you ask. Cling to the religion if you will, but leave that wretched church!"

He was touched by her words and felt like taking her in his arms as he had so often done before. He knew that he loved her, and he wanted to tell her so, but something held him back and he remained silent.

Then tears came to his wife's eyes.

"David," she said, low and sweetly. "David, don't you hear me? Don't you know that my heart is pleading for your love? We loved each other once, and I can't think that it has

changed." He hung his head. "David, look at me, tell me that just one spark of the old love remains, that I may rekindle it, and be happy again."

He moved uneasily. He wanted to take hold of her hand, but he seemed powerless. And then she lay her hand in his. He saw that it was no longer fair and soft, but brown and calloused by hard labor. And yet the touch was gentle, the hand was shapely.

She let it lie upon his for a moment, then something impelled him to push it aside. He glanced at her face, it was a picture of despair. Her breast heaved in agony, her grief too deep for the shedding of tears. She stepped toward him for a final effort, but he remained motionless.

"It's no use!" she groaned. "It's no use!"

Something flashed over her, and he felt that her eyes were gazing into his very soul.

"Can it be possible that you love another?" asked she with trembling lips.

Still he remained silent.

She held her hand to her head as if in deep thought.

"It is always very late when you come home

on Wednesday evenings, and you leave me alone every Sunday; but not until this moment have I suspected that perhaps at those times you have been giving your love to another." She drew nearer to him. "David, look me in the face and tell me that it is a lie!"

Hell broke loose within him, and for the first time in his life he cursed his wife. As he slammed the door behind him he left her standing speechless and colorless, yet beautiful, in spite of the awful sorrow depicted in her face.

CHAPTER VII

The Serpent's Sting

MR. Diston's lot was becoming very hard. His followers were barely able to pay the rent for the hall in which they held their services, and his salary remained unpaid. His patients were few, and he derived little money from the practice of Christian Science healing. He would have left the city had he known where to have bettered his condition, but since that was impossible he took the little money he had and rented a few acres of ground near the city with the intention of engaging in the farming business on a small scale. This poverty was galling to both him and his wife, though Mrs. Diston bravely bore her trials and made no complaint.

In order to increase the sale of their books, a number of publishers devoted in their histories a chapter to Christian Science with a biography of the life of Mrs. Eddy. This recognition must have pleased the founder of the Christian Science for she gave these publishers letters

recommending their works, a fac simile of which each of their agents carried in their pockets for the special benefit of her followers.

One of these agents, a dapper little Englishman, sought Mr. Diston in his rural home with the special object of disposing of a set of his books. Mr. Diston informed him that he wanted the books but was unable to take them because he had used all his ready money for the purchase of a cow.

"So you are unable to take this work that devotes a whole volume to Christian Science because you bought a keow?" said the Englishman, smiling sarcastically.

He wiped the perspiration from his brow and glanced down the long and dusty road he had traveled. "Hang the keow!" he muttered. He looked at Mr. Diston. "This life of your Leader is worth more to you than a dozen keows. Why, God bless you, they say that nothing is impossible in Christian Science. Why don't you demonstrate the money for these books? Aye, take this set, and you can demonstrate a dozen keows."

"I have demonstrated," said Mr. Diston.

"You don't seem to be as high in Christian

Science as some I have met here. One woman —Mrs.——I can't call her name, told me that she demonstrated a farm."

"That is not at all impossible in Christian Science."

The agent winked slyly. "I told that to Mrs. Knox, and she told me that the lady's father was about to disinherit her, but died so suddenly that he didn't have a chance to make a will, and that is how she got the farm."

"Yes, I have heard that before," admitted Mr. Diston.

"A deuced fine demonstration!" mused the Englishman. "Quite beautiful, eh!" The agent took out his prospectus. "I understand that you are the First Reader of one of the churches here."

"Yes, the Second Church."

"A grand religion. I suppose you are loyal."

"I am a loyal student of Christian Science."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," smiled the agent, reaching into his pocket, "for when I show a loyal Scientist this letter—" he winked cunningly—"it always makes him happy."

He placed in Mr. Diston's hand a fac simile of one of Mrs. Eddy's letters that recommended

the work to her followers, which Mr. Diston carefully read.

"Ain't that fine!" ejaculated the Englishman. He pointed to the signature. "That is her real signature—fine—ain't it?"

"It looks natural."

"Of course it does, and it's all right too; and loyal Scientists don't refuse to take my books after they see that letter."

"I can't spare the money," persisted Mr. Diston.

"Ah, yes, that deuced keow!" He walked to the garden. "You seem to have a pretty big crop of potato bugs here, don't cher know? I suppose you're intending to market them, eh?"

"I wish I could. In spite of all my work I can't get rid of the pests."

The Englishman looked at him as if surprised. "Would, eh? Then why don't you demonstrate? Mrs.—Mrs.—, oh, that lady that demonstrated the farm, she told me that when she had bed bugs, cockroaches, or rats, that she just demonstrated, when the beastly pests would leave for the neighbors and never come back again."

"Yes, that is another of her stories."

"Then why in Sam Hill don't you demonstrate these bugs away. You can do it with the understanding you have of Christian Science, for you appear to me much brighter than that woman, and ought to do what she can. And, don't cher know, she also said that weeds never grew on her farm. Just demonstrated and they never grew. Strange, ain't it?"

"Yes, but nothing is impossible in Christian Science."

"I told that to Mrs. Knox and she said that there wasn't such a thing as a weed, only to mortal sense." He brushed his silk hat carefully. "I want to sell you these books that tell all about Christian Science—you can't get along without them. Mind you, this is for your own good; for myself I am not caring a snap of my finger. You demonstrate this money, and I'll throw off ten per cent.—now never mind the keow, because I don't want you to be the first Christian Scientist not to heed the recommendation of your dear Leader. Don't cher know that some Scientists think that to ignore this recommendation is sacrilege?"

"Well, it isn't, and even if it was I'd not take your books."

"Ah, well," sighed the agent, beginning to pack his books. "I've met a number of Christian Scientists here and, don't cher know, they are a beggarly lot. In other cities they have some well to do people among them, but, just like here, they also are having trouble amongst themselves. In Kansas City they have some great fights. In Detroit they carried their troubles into the courts. In Buffalo and some of the other larger cities the way up Scientists are denouncing their pope and are going back to the orthodox churches. They are getting their eyes opened, and, between you and me, you are too, eh? But keep it from the world, like the rest of them. They don't want it known what fools they have been. And, my friend, if I wasn't in such close contact with them, I wouldn't know of their troubles." He looked down the road toward the city. "A beastly long, hot walk! Well, Mr. Diston, I'm glad I met you, and I hope that you will have success with your church and keow. Good day, sir."

Mr. Diston watched him until he was lost

in a cloud of dust far down the road, then went into the house.

"I ought not to have taken that agent's insults," said he to Mrs. Diston, "and had he been near my size and not so old, he'd have had some difficulty in getting back to the city."

"And yet a great deal of what he said was the truth," said she.

"Yes, that is the worst part of it." His lip trembled. "When we came into Science I had a prosperous business and we were happy. Now all is gone and for all these years of sacrifice we have nothing to show but poverty and misery. These Scientists whom I expected to be my friends accuse me of murder and blame me for all their failures. I have suffered humiliation which I never had to contend with before. Even book agents heap this indignity upon me. I lost my business because my customers were prejudiced against me for taking up with it; and once we moved in the best of society, but because of this Science we were gradually forced out, and our sole associates became these jangling Scientists, with stings like serpents. Then we came out here to better our condition and our lot is worse than ever." His face assumed a deter-

mined expression. "But I will not stand this much longer, for we are becoming like them, learning to sting like them. I am going to make a change."

His wife turned her head to conceal the pleased twinkle that danced in her eyes.

That afternoon Mr. Diston received a letter stating that a friend of his who lived in Denver had died. The letter described the efforts of the physicians to save his friend's life, then concluded: "Finally, Fred took Christian Science treatment and died beautifully."

"About the usual result," said Mr. Diston to his wife, "and if this keeps up, that is about what they will be writing about us."

"I shouldn't wonder," she replied, sadly. She looked into his eyes. "I am going to tell you something. As you know, Mr. and Mrs. Bates have always pretended to be our friends. In fact, they are very profuse in their friendship. When they were here last week, Mrs. Bates happened to notice that three leaves of my Science and Health were torn out, and asked me how it happened. I told her the truth, that every time I opened the book it opened at that place where the words sin, sick-

ness and death appeared in almost every line and that I was demonstrating a claim and that those words bothered me, so I tore the pages out. She said that she didn't blame me in the least, so I never thought more about the matter. Yesterday, I heard that there was a secret meeting of the board, and that Mr. and Mrs. Bates preferred charges against me. They told of my mutilated book, and denounced my act as blasphemous, and moved that I be expelled from the church."

"Traitors! with a serpent's sting!" exclaimed Mr. Diston. "With love upon their lips, they nurse hate in their hearts."

"They did all possible against us at the meeting."

"I am not surprised. We have been mingling with these people so long that a sting like that ought not to surprise us."

The closing of the gate attracted their attention, where stood Mr. and Mrs. Bates.

"Talk of the devil and he is sure to appear!" said Mr. Diston angrily.

His wife lay her hand upon his shoulder. "Remember that they are our guests."

"But sometimes we must make exceptions as to how we should receive them."

"Be a gentleman; you can't afford to do as they do."

Mrs. Bates rushed into the room unannounced. She was about to kiss Mrs. Diston as was her custom, but Mrs. Diston drew back.

"We're surprised to see you," said Mrs. Diston, coldly.

Mr. Diston merely bowed to them, then started for the yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Bates noticed the absence of cordiality, and their guilty consciences told them the cause. So embarrased were they that they knew not how to continue the conversation.

Finally Mrs. Bates said, "You know the Tolans have a little girl the size of our Edna, and their birthdays are on the same day. Edna always begged me to permit her to have a party, but I didn't want to have it on account of the awful work it made. Mrs. Tolan mentioned that they were going to give their Grace a party, and suggested that we have a joint party at her home, and that I pay half the expense, Edna to invite thirty of her friends and Gracie thirty of hers. Mrs. Tolan seemed satisfied if

I would do half of the work and, of course, I agreed to that. Well, I was just so busy that I didn't have time to go to the Tolans. Of course, I knew they were expecting me and that there was an awful lot of work to do, so I just demonstrated that the work would be done even though I wasn't there.

"About seven o'clock that evening we all went to the Tolans and the house was just full of children, but I guess Mrs. Tolan was out of sorts for she would barely look at me. I told her that I knew everything would be done, because I demonstrated that it would be. That must have made her angry, for she looked at me strangely, then said, 'So you sat in your room and demonstrated. The children would have a fine time on your demonstrations, I must say!'

"At that she just kept on cutting cake and would hardly look at me. Indeed, she would never have got that work done if I hadn't demonstrated my highest, but she won't admit that I helped her in the least. It seems that everybody begrudges Christian Science the least bit of credit for what it does."

"I think Mrs. Tolan was perfectly right," said Mrs. Diston coldly. "You should have

done that which you agreed to do, and if you didn't intend to do that, you shouldn't have had Edna's party at Mrs. Tolan's home."

"Well, I don't know," sighed Mrs. Bates, embarrassed. "If I didn't just do as I ought, I made a recompense. Mrs. Tolan didn't have enough forks for so many children, so I borrowed a valuable set of a neighbor, and one of them was lost. Of course, I'd have helped her hunt, but I knew it wasn't necessary, so I took up the thought that nothing could be lost, and, do you know, on that very afternoon she found the fork among a lot of rubbish, and she is not willing to give Christian Science a bit of credit for the finding of that fork. I know that if I hadn't demonstrated it would never have been found."

"And if she hadn't hunted, it is certain that it would not have been found," said Mrs. Diston, coldly. "In fact, I know that you could have demonstrated until doomsday and it would not have been found if no search had been made."

Mrs. Bates rose from her chair, her face flushed with anger and humiliation.

"We happened to be out this way and

thought we would make a call," said she with an effort. She glanced at her husband. "I think that we had better be going."

Mrs. Diston followed them to the gate, where they met Mr. Diston.

"Pleasant day," said he.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bates. "I hope that you will return our call."

"We are very busy of late, so will not make any promises," replied Mr. Diston.

Mrs. Bates shrugged her shoulders and she and her husband passed out the gate, following the pathway taken by the Englishman.

When they had walked a distance, Mrs. Bates said, "They have heard about that secret meeting. I never thought that any one of the board would be so mean as to tell what was said and done, especially when our bylaws explicitly declare that all the proceedings should be kept a secret. These days no one can be trusted. The world just reeks with materiality."

"Rodgers told them. You know he fought me and had the motion voted down."

"Certainly he told them. I know that. I always knew he was a snake in the grass."

"Well, you had no business to do what you did. Supposing she did tear her Science and Health, it was no business of yours."

"Goodness me! I didn't bring the matter up before the board! You did that yourself. Now don't try to place the blame on me; but that is man for you. Shame on you. You men are all alike."

They walked on in silence until they neared the edge of the city, when Mrs. Bates proposed that they call upon the Korsans.

"As you like," he replied, surlily.

David had just returned from his day's labor. He was annoyed at the call, for he feared that Mrs. Bates might refer to his numerous visits to Miss Gray, which he knew was common gossip among the members of both churches, and thus add to the troubles between himself and his wife. Nevertheless, he made a pretense of greeting them cordially, inwardly resolving to avoid all references to Miss Gray.

Mrs. Korsan looked haggard and careworn. The lines of sorrow were deep about her mouth, and under her sad eyes was a dark semi-circle.

"I see that Mrs. Eddy has made some

changes in Science and Health," began David at the first opportunity.

"Yes, she now authorizes the calling in of a physician to diagnose a claim if the practitioner is unable to locate the seat of trouble; and on page sixty-four she says a hypodermic injection could be given by a surgeon when the sense of pain is so violent that Science is unable to relieve it."

"That is very sensible," said David.

"Indeed it is," agreed Mrs. Bates.

"Does that mean that you must pay out another five dollars for a Science and Health, David?" asked Mrs. Korsan, alarmed.

"Indeed it does!" replied Mrs. Bates. "Every time a change is made in Science and Health every true Scientist is expected to have a copy containing the change, so that he will not be wandering in the dark."

"But there are so many changes, and they are made so often," complained Mrs. Korsan. "And the book is so awful expensive. They ought to sell it for a dollar, and even then Mrs. Eddy would make a good profit."

"We ought not to begrudge any money that

goes to the Mother Church or Mrs. Eddy," said Mrs. Bates.

"The church and Mrs. Eddy go after all there is in sight," sighed Mrs. Korsan. "And I guess it is one and the same thing."

"Why, Mrs. Korsan! That is blasphemy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates. "How can you expect to receive any blessings from Christian Science when you talk that way?"

"I don't want any more Christian Science blessings. I have had my fill," said Mrs. Korsan.

David cast an angry glance at his wife, then fearful that Mrs. Bates might mention Miss Gray, began: "You know that Mrs. Korsan is not a Scientist, so she don't understand these matters as we do."

"Of course, I know that!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates.

"I know that Mrs. Eddy in her previous editions of Science and Health has emphatically stated that drugs have no power," said Mrs. Korsan, tartly. "And I can't see how she reconciles that with the change she has made, stating that a hypodermic injection could be made to quiet pain. Indeed, it looks to me that she is

beginning to change her mind about some of her theories. It looks as though she were relying on the injection to do the hardest part of the work, and she is attributing to it power that her practicing of Christian Science does not possess. And if an ailment is a belief, why not treat the belief, why call a doctor to tell what the real trouble is when the patient thinks it something else. I guess Mrs. Eddy is beginning to see her mistakes. Oh, I would rather not understand than to believe blindly, as a whole lot of Scientists do."

Said Mr. Bates: "I don't understand why Mrs. Eddy made that change. Of course we know that she is very high in the thought and that she must have some good reason for making it."

"I certainly think she had," declared Mrs. Korsan. "She has broken the ice, and she'll go farther, and she is wise if she does. People will not believe blindly and against common sense very long, and then you will all have the privilege of buying a great many new books at the price of five dollars each."

Her listeners looked upon her in surprise, and had they understood how she felt, their hearts

would have gone out to her in sympathy, pitiless though they were. It was the struggle of a desperate woman for a little consolation. Her life had become barren, and to make her lot more miserable, persistent creditors hounded her for money to pay her husband's debts, but this he never knew, for she wished to spare him the humiliation that she suffered.

Because of David's surliness he lost the position he had held for many years, and for a long time after was out of employment. Be it said to his credit that he sought for work, but there was something about him that impelled men to turn a deaf ear to his applications for employment. During this time he became deeply involved. Finally he secured a position that promised but a small competence, and Mrs. Korsan was justly vexed that her husband should take the money so much needed, for the purchase of a book, because of a few changes, when four copies of previous editions were then in their home.

Throughout Mrs. Korsan's trials, her friends in the Presbyterian church did not desert her. Though she never told her troubles to her pastor, he understood what she had to contend with

and both he and his wife often paid her visits and cast rays of sunshine along her pathway.

The ladies of the church welcomed her to their homes, also their meetings and at times when among these good people, she forgot her troubles, and the old smile lighted up her countenance. Had it not been for the kindness of her brother and these rays of sunshine thrown into her life, her lot might have proven intolerable, and yet she always felt that her prayers would be answered, and her husband's eyes be opened; that he would again take her in his arms, and love her as he had before he became an Eddyite. It was this feeling that gave her strength and courage, and often prompted her to return kind words and deeds for his harshness and neglect.

CHAPTER VIII

The Apostle's Temptation

R. Diston's misfortunes had set him to thinking, but he resolved to say nothing until Mr. Smith came to deliver his lecture on Christian Science, the seventy dollars for that purpose having been raised by subscriptions among the members of the two churches.

Like all Christian Science lecturers, Mr. Smith was an educated man and had a thorough understanding of Christian Science teachings. Mr. Diston met Mr. Smith at the train and escorted him to his hotel. At an opportune moment, Mr. Diston remarked: "I am going to withdraw from Christian Science—"

"What!" gasped Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I'm going to sever my connection with Christian Science."

"Before you do that let us talk it over. What is the trouble, what reason have you?"

"Many reasons, Mr. Smith."

"I certainly would like to hear them."

"If you promise not to interrupt me, I'll state a few."

"I will if you permit me to answer you."

"I certainly will welcome any explanation, for I do not wish to take this step if there is any possibility of my making a mistake. After working in Christian Science seven years you can realize what an effort it is for me to do this."

Mr. Diston began: "I am an American citizen and I believe in a republican form of government, whether it be of a nation, church or any other organization. I believe that we are all God's children, endowed with equal rights and privileges, and I do not believe that He has vested all the wisdom of the world in any one individual. Mrs. Eddy is the absolute monarch of the Christian Science church. No pope or potentate ever dared assert such authority as she does over her followers. Should she see one with the abilities of a leader, the possessor of wisdom, and with that habit of insisting upon thinking for himself, she need but say the word, and without charge or trial that person can be thrust out of the church, and must forfeit

to her the thousands of dollars that he may have given to forward her cause.

"In none of the churches dare any of the Readers read from anything except the Bible and those publications issued by the Christian Science Publishing Society. Mrs. Eddy's name must be mentioned at least once during every Christian Science service, and none dare read publicly from any of her books without naming her as the author. Any criticism of her books, or any act of her life is cause for dismissal from the church.

"I admit that Mrs. Eddy is a bright woman, with wonderful powers for organization, but she realzies that her followers would not tolerate such autocratic powers as she wields, so to mislead them she works under the guise of the Mother Church, where no person, if she disapproves, can be an officer, and all officers must reside within a radius of five hundred miles from Boston so that none of her power might be taken from her by any of her followers a few thousand miles away.

"In this fountain head is reserved the right to publish all Christian Science literature, and not another dare enter this field without being

classed as false prophets and blasphemers. All must comply with any order she may see fit to give, and disobediance of such order is cause for an immediate dismissal. That she might have no rival, her followers dare not consider or call any person a leader, when that term is used in connection with Christian Science.

"No member dare publish quotations from any of her books, without naming her as the author; nor dare any member buy, sell or circulate any literature pertaining to Christian Science, unless issued by the Christian Science Publishing Society. The publication of every article in behalf of Christian Science is reserved in this fountain head, which fixes all prices.

"Branch churches are used to gather money for this octopus, the Mother Church. Each church is required to have one reading room, where all Christian Science literature must be kept on sale, and all such literature the branch churches must pay for in advance, with no privilege of returning in case of failure to sell. This Mother Church generously allows the branch churches the sum of twenty-five cents per copy if they purchase a dozen five-dollar editions of Science and Health, this amount to

pay the rent for a reading room, the expense of an attendant, and the satisfaction of paying a deficiency each month. The branch churches must take all chances without a cent of profit, with the chances against them. The Mother Church takes no chances and at the least figure makes a net profit of four dollars and twenty-five cents on every one of those books which the branch church purchased.

"Should one, who has given thousands of dollars to the church, meet with Mrs. Eddy's displeasure, she need but say the word, and he forfeits to her, who is really and in fact the Mother Church, the Christian Science Publishing Society and the whole thing, every dollar he so gave, and she need not even give the reason of her displeasure. That he has displeased her is sufficient."

Mr. Diston spoke earnestly, even eloquently, and could not wish for a better listener than Mr. Smith. He concluded: "I disapprove of all this. It smacks too much of despotism in its worst form. You know the condition in many of our branch churches, and you know that it is this chasing of rainbows by Mrs. Eddy's followers, which she holds just beyond

their reach, that holds the church together. Occasionally one is taken to the sanctuary at Boston, to eat as Mrs. Eddy directs, at her bounteous board so as to encourage others that might otherwise despair. You are one of the favored few and it is your business to uphold the system. I do not blame you—but, Mr. Smith, to your own self you must admit that I have stated truths, facts, facts printed in the Manual—furthermore, that the percentage of cures claimed to be made through Christian Science is no greater than the average physician's. For sev eral years I have been intimately connected with Christian Science and during all that time I can not recall one case where an instantaneous cure was effected by Christian Science. Not one."

"I have often been tempted as you," replied Mr. Smith, thoughtfully; "but I held on and I have my reward. I have passed through the same experience as you have had and the same thoughts. Really, I can't help you; it is a demonstration that you must make yourself. I do not think that the accumulation of a vast amount of money is one of Mrs. Eddy's weaknesses; in fact, I know it is not, but you know that it is one of the necessities in this day and

age. And yet, my friend, if she did not reserve unto herself this power, it would be absolutely impossible for her to keep her following together. If she did not have the power to throw out of the church every person she wished, and reserve the leadership in herself there would probably be a hundrd persons scrambling after the leadership, and fighting among themselves which, of course, would disrupt the whole organization. Really, Mr. Diston, one can't blame her, and if you were in her place you would want to remain at the head of an organization which you founded and which you made your life's work, and you would reserve all power in yourself, if it were possible so to do, as she is doing. As to the healings, I realize that instantaneous healings are the rare exceptions, and many are treated scientifically without doing them any good whatever. But of course it would not be policy to publicly acknowledge that fact, for by so doing we would admit weakness, which is very unscientific. It is far better to exaggerate, as is so often done, than to admit the least failure."

"I admire you for your frankness, and your explanation is very plausible." Mr. Diston

paused. "In assuming this high position I suppose that Mrs. Eddy expects her followers to to take her life as an example."

"She certainly does, sir."

"Then may I ask, do you think her followers should figure in the divorce courts like her? Just think, she has had three husbands, Glover, Patterson and Eddy."

"That is her own problem, Mr. Diston—an unfortunate part of her life."

"She was engaged in this so-called Christian Science work at the time of the divorce, was she not?"

"I can't say. I never inquired."

"Do you think that a person with such a checkered matrimonial career should set herself before the world as an example of the highest spirituality?"

"She does not wish her followers to have her disagreeable experiences."

"Her matrimonial broils were upon a very material plane, not at all spiritual."

"She was not able to demonstrate over that."

"Then Christian Science is not what she claims for it. She repeatedly declares that the workings of the principles of Christian Science

destroy all error, or I mean recognizes it as nothing. Discord, divorces and numerous marriages are errors of the worst type, and much easier to demonstrate over than diseases."

Mr. Smith felt uncomfortable. "All this occurred many years ago, when she was not as high in the thought as she now is."

"That might be an excuse, but you know that when Christ was twelve years of age he debated with wise men, and she indirectly in her miscellaneous writings claims that she is as high as He is, and that the fruits of her works will be greater than His. Her experiences certainly are different than His. He never made such mistakes as she has."

"She does not claim to be greater than Christ, Mr. Diston."

"Indirectly she does."

"Only so far as the healings go, I grant you," admitted Mr. Smith.

"Christ's healings and all healings referred to in the Bible were instantaneous; there is not one exception, no, not one. The healings claimed to be done by Christian Science are seldom instantaneous, but mostly long drawn out affairs."

"We have some instantaneous healings."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"No, I can't say that I have; but I have heard of many."

"Like you, I have heard of many, but I have never had the pleasure of seeing one. Most all the testimonials given at the Wednesday night meetings are exaggerations. It seems that each tries to outdo the other in that respect. But back to the point—If Mrs. Eddy has discovered the key to the Scriptures, which she has given to the world in her Science and Health, why are not all healings effected through Christian Science instantaneous?"

"We have not reached that high thought and understanding yet."

"Then her key to the Bible must be a misfit."

"No, she understands."

"Then why does she not prove her claims by a few cases of instantanous healing. Christ healed publicly, even among multitudes; He never did this work in secret. Why does she not do the same, if, as she says, she is following the example He commanded the world to follow?"

"Christ never healed except when supplicated with faith."

"Well, many of her afflicted followers are only too anxious for her to show her power as a healer. They have plenty of faith and would rather have Mrs. Eddy treat them than any other person. On the contrary, she will not undertake a single case of healing, but I suppose that is because she will have no failures to record. She should practice what she preaches, as Christ did. He never turned the sick aside when they came to Him for help, nor did He ever charge a fee for His healings. All His healings were free for the asking. The Bible says so in so many words. And if Christian Science takes Christ as its guide, where do they get the Biblical authority to exact a fee for healing?"

"God does the healing, Mr. Diston."

"Then why ask a fee for the work that God does? Why ask a fee for something they do not do?"

"They must live the same as you and I."

"Frankly, that is the least objection I have to Christian Science. If one devotes all his time to the healing of the sick, even though the

healing is all done, as it is and must be, by the Supreme power, I think it right that the person should be paid, that they may live comfortably and thus help suffering humanity. But where a person exacts such a fee he should give value received. In other words, the healing should be done, and they should not be paid for their failures, for Christ never had a failure, and even for His successes He did not ask for money or other compensation for Himself."

Mr. Smith heaved a sigh. "You know that I am violating the rule in the Manual by having this discussion with you."

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten. I had forgotten that Christian Scientists were admonished to refrain from discussing the principles of their belief, and that doubters and unbelievers were to be referred to the works of Mrs. Eddy for their information."

"Let me advise you to again refer to her works."

"They do not treat of many things we have referred to. If they did I should be glad to do so. Yet, you have treated me kindly, and have made many plausible answers."

"You had better remain steadfast; by so do-

ing you will some day see the light of truth and perhaps be a power in our cause."

"No, I can't. I can't be a hypocrite. Were it not for the discord among the Scientists in the city I believe that I would still be loyal. I wondered why it was that such an awful discord could exist in a church unless something was radically wrong. I looked to other Christian Science churches, and saw the same condition of affairs. I tried to reason it all out. Then I made a talk to the members telling them to love each other, and not to look for the faults in their brothers, but to look for the fault within themselves and remedy it. In some way this talk reached the Mother Church, and they admonished me for what I had done. They said that I had no right to make such talks, but should go to the Manual and Science and Health alone, and quote what those books said if I wished to discipline the members. I had done that, and it had no effect. But for a time the members did heed what I said, though now they are as bad as ever.

"I am satisfied that what I said was the right thing to say, and that the Mother Church was wrong in interfering with what I had under-

taken, and some day it will learn that it is a serious mistake to crush out individual thought and expression from the Readers."

"And yet Christian Science will live."

"If there is not a change in the Mother Church it will follow in the wake of all isms. Your most influential men are gradually breaking away from its galling yoke, and with them a great following. When once the retreat is well started it can never be checked."

"But Mrs. Eddy will never see it started."

"Perhaps not. But you and I may. There will be a great fight to take her place as pope of the church and the result will be as in Theosophy, a division, only in Christian Science a dozen or more divisions, a disruption, and finally the world will see it as the streak of discord that has passed into oblivion."

"You certainly ought to leave the church," said Mr. Smith. "By all means you should leave it."

"That is what I intend to do; but I am going to hear you lecture tonight just the same, for I admire you and want your friendship."

Mr. Smith took his proferred hand. "I love you for your honesty. But I regret that you

feel and think as you do. You have my best wishes, and I want you to sit at my right side, for I am going to speak as I never did before. I want to drive away this cloud of discord, but you know I dare not interfere: the Manual forbids. But I can and will reach these discordant people by high thoughts, the thoughts of love and truth, before which all discord and hate must bow."

"They have heard all that before. It will be like throwing pearls before swine," replied Mr. Diston.

The lecture was given in one of the theaters of the city and like all Christian Science lectures no admission fee was charged. A large audience confronted Mr. Smith, whose conversation with Mr. Diston had infused him with the best of logic and eloquence. At times he held his listeners spellbound by his bursts of eloquence, and then looking into the faces of his audience, fortified his assertions by the reading of passages from the Bible, then made his comparisons, and logically drew his conclusions.

The lecture was unlike any Mr. Diston had ever heard, and he doubted that Mr. Smith had

submitted it for the approval of Mrs. Eddy, as was required to be done by the rules of the church.

Near the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Smith paused, wiped his brow, then raised his hand in a dramatic manner, the tears standing in his eyes. Said he, with emotion: "In this world we have many trials. An awakened conscience might ask the sacrifice of the attainment of an ambition that was gained only after years of toil and waiting. It might ask the sacrifice of a change in belief, and the repudiation of a career of years, carried openly before the world, and perchance during all that time be the victim of scoffers.

"It might ask humiliation, the casting aside of all pride, the admission of a life of error, the blighting of a bright future from a worldly and selfish point of view." He drew nearer his hearers and with ashen face confronted them. "Is there any in this audience in whom such a struggle now rages? Then let him assert his manhood and cast aside the shackles of hypocrisy. But if he loves the world more than the uncertain future, if he can satisfy his conscience by excuses, then let him continue

his way and I pray that God and his conscience forgive him.

"Perhaps there is no form of religion in this world which is without defects; and none have all the good, but we can at least take to ourselves what good we find, and be thankful for it.

"For myself, I have chosen a way, and I shall not turn back."

With a pallor upon his fine face, he turned from his audience.

CHAPTER IX

Taken to Task

MRS. Mary Dale, whose home was in Richmond, came to hear Mr. Smith lecture, and while in the city called upon her old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Jane Botts. Both ladies were staunch Christian Scientists, though very hard of hearing, but like all true Christian Scientists never acknowledged their defect. Miss Gray accompanied Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Botts and Mrs. Dale embraced each other when they met, then sat down to chat.

"You haven't changed much, Jane," began Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, I was so glad to hear you are in Science. Isn't it grand?" said Mrs. Botts, guessing at what Mrs. Dale had said.

"I knew you at the first glance," continued Mrs. Dale, unconscious of what her friend had said.

Mrs. Botts looked at her friend, puzzled. "Yes, the lecture was just grand."

"I suppose that you are going to stay a while," said Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Botts thought that she referred to the spectacles Mr. Smith wore while reading. "I suppose that he hasn't demonstrated over that yet. It doesn't look well for our lecturers to tell about the wonders of Christian Science when they have to wear glasses. You see the world expects them to overcome their own defects before telling how to overcome those of other people. One woman asked me why he didn't practice what he preached, that if Science cured every ailment, why was his eyesight so poor?"

Mrs. Dale thought that Mrs. Botts was referring to her husband.

"Oh, yes, I've been a widow for almost a year. Mr. Dale passed on in Science last winter."

"How grand!" exlaimed Mrs. Botts, thinking Mrs. Dale was referring to her healing. "I tell you Science works wonders."

"Yes, Mr. Dale was very high in the thought. He had a claim of dropsy. I treated him first, then I had to call in help, but old mortal mind was too strong."

Meantime Miss Gray had been demonstrating to assist the ladies in their hearing, but their confusion became too much for her, and she placed her hand to Mrs. Botts' ear and said very loudly, "Mrs. Dale says that she treated her husband for dropsy—"

"How grand!" exclaimed Mrs. Botts, interrupting her. "I love to see a triumph like that in Science. What is Mr. Dale doing now?"

Miss Gray sighed, discouraged.

Mrs. Dale thought that Mrs. Botts referred to Mr. Smith, then said, "He lectures and practices both. I understand that he has a lot of patients. He was down in that fever district where it is so hot."

Mrs. Botts was again puzzled, then ventured: "I am so glad Mr. Dale is kept so busy. I don't remember of ever seeing him. That is the second case I have heard where Science has conquered a claim of dropsy."

"Yes, he is very high in the thought, the heat don't seem to affect him."

"It is grand that you have your husband right in the work!" exclaimed Mrs. Botts. "I suppose that he enjoys it very much."

Miss Gray thought it was time to interfere. "You don't understand each other," she yelled in Mrs. Dale's ear.

Mrs. Dale shook her head. "I know that old mortal mind seems to want to make me believe I can't hear."

Miss Gray placed her hand to Mrs. Botts' ear. "Mary's husband has passed on long ago!"

Mrs. Botts sat shocked, looking at Mrs. Dale bewildered. "Mr. Dale passed on!" she gasped.

"Yes, I have been receiving many blessings from an understanding of Christian Science," innocently said the widow.

"Science must have been a great help to you," said Mrs. Botts, sympathetically.

Miss Gray again interposed and held her hand to Mrs. Dale's ear, as she yelled at the top of her voice: "You don't understand each other at all."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Dale, "I know that I have a belief of hard hearing. I haven't been able to demonstrate over that yet." She went to Mrs. Botts and said in her ear: "We don't

seem to have demonstrated over our hearing yet, Jane."

Mrs. Botts shook her head, whereupon Mrs. Dale repeated the remark in a louder tone of voice.

"That is because we think so. Old mortal mind has fastened this illusion on us, but, never mind, we'll overcome it."

Mrs. Dale began to reply.

"A little louder, please," yelled Mrs. Botts.

Mrs. Dale placed her hand to Mrs. Bott's ear. "I suppose that you are taking Christian Science treatment for your hearing."

Mrs. Botts nodded her head. "For seven years—ever since I have been in Science."

"That is the same way with me—about six years, I think," yelled Mrs. Dale. "But I'm going to keep it up until I conquer old mortal mind. We must show that nothing is impossible in Science."

By the aid of the hand and louder talking, the conversation progressed more smoothly. The ladies ascribed to the workings of Christian Science all the goodness they had ever received, yet admitted that possibly an ear

trumpet might assist them, but that the use of it would be unscientific.

Mrs. Botts prevailed upon Mrs. Dale to prolong her visit, and Miss Gray left the two ladies enjoying their chat despite the difficulties under which they labored.

As Miss Gray approached her home she met David Korsan, who appeared much discouraged.

"You don't look as if you had very scientific thoughts," said Miss Gray, laughing. "I fear that you are crediting mortal mind with too much power."

"I have lost my situation," replied David.

Miss Gray studied for a moment.

"Really, I am beginning to think that Mrs. Knox is malpracticing upon you."

"I hardly think so. She seems very friendly, and I wouldn't want to judge her wrongfully."

A bright thought seemed to inspire her.

"If you promise me that you will not resign the Readership, I'll tell you something real good. Of course you can get a leave of absence, and being chairman of the Board, I can give you that."

"Matters can get no worse than they are," sighed David; "so of course I can afford to make almost any kind of a promise."

"I heard today that Hankers wanted a man to travel for them. I am sure you can sell cheese cutters; and I hear that some of their agents make a lot of money at it."

David's face brightened.

"Perhaps they might give me a chance. Al Jones travels for them, and he told me that he cleared over three hundred dollars last month."

"It is just the place for you, David; and come with me and we'll demonstrate it at once."

David accompanied her to her home, and after their demonstration he went to the Hanker Company.

"Yes," said Mr. Hanker, in response to David's application for a position, "we need a good man on the road. I don't know whether you can fill the position or not, but we will give you a trial. Of course you understand that you must work on a commission and pay your own expenses."

David told of his financial embarrassment, and his inability to get sufficient money to pay his traveling expenses.

"You are a Christian Scientist, are you not?" asked Mr. Hanker.

"Yes," stammered David, surprised at the question.

"Then demonstrate the money. When you have done that we are willing to give you a trial and will pay your commission as you turn in responsible orders."

David saw that it was useless to ask Mr. Hunter to advance him the money, and after receiving a few ideas as to his duties, returned to the Gray home.

"I know you have been successful!" exclaimed Miss Gray, as she admitted him to her home. "Science never fails us."

"Yes—but I must pay my own expenses."

"Oh, pshaw! Is that all?"

"You know how I am situated financially."

"Come into the parlor and we will demonstrate the needed money, just as we did the situation."

They sat silent for a long time, holding their hands over their faces as if in prayer.

"We have made the demonstration!" exclaimed Miss Gray. "I am certain that you will get the money. I'll see about getting your

substitute next Sunday, so don't let that worry you."

He felt drawn toward her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You are the best friend I have. I don't know what I would do without your help."

She looked into his eyes. "I am so glad to hear you say that. If things were only different how happy we might be."

She had fast learned to love the man whom at first she intended to use as her tool. Her love for him had stolen upon her so gradually, that she had failed to realize where it was leading her. Her face was flushed and her breast heaved, as she stood before him.

"We must demonstrate, dear. We must demonstrate; and you never need be ashamed to do what our dear Leader has done. She is a noble, spiritual woman and has been our guide and ideal. Once she made a mistake, and she did not hesitate to free herself. She knew it was not intended for her high spirituality to be weighted down by a material husband."

He looked upon her in astonishment.

"What do your mean?" he asked.

She saw that she had been too hasty, that she had gone too far, that David did not take kindly to her intimation. She trembled at the disgraceful position in which she had placed herself, then a spasm of revenge and hate seized her, but she was a strong woman, and instantly recovered herself.

"I mean that you must throw off this sense of materiality. Our dear Leader has suffered poverty and trials as you are suffering. Have high thoughts and do as our dear Leader has taught us, and you will succeed in your new undertaking," said she, calmly.

"I had almost misjudged you," he faltered. "Oh, that I were as spiritual as you are. It seems that I must lean upon you for support, and that every day you are becoming more to me."

She almost pitied him for his innocent confidence, and though he would have repulsed any wrongful act, she felt sure of her power and that some day her love would conquer him. And yet she wanted him to retain the high estimation he had of her virtue and spirituality, which with her love would make him her slave. She felt that if he could be freed from his wife,

and she and he be united in marriage, that the act would be overlooked, because so many in the congregation had done likewise.

"We can not do wrong by following our Leader, and doing as she has done," she said.

"You are right, and I want to follow her footsteps."

Miss Gray smiled sweetly, and coyly looked into his face. "And you will, won't you?"

"I certainly shall." He looked at his watch. "It is late and I must be going."

"You are going to make your demonstration, and when you come back, we will demonstrate that your employment will prove a success financially," said she as she took his hand.

Promising to do as she asked him he left her.

Upon his arrival home, he told his wife of the position he was about to take, and of the money needed to pay his traveling expenses, until he had a start.

"I don't believe that you will make a successful salesman, David," said she.

A flush of anger spread over his face.

"Everything that I undertake meets with your disapproval. You are not like a wife

should be at all. I believe that you want to see me fail," said he, harshly.

Her lip trembled. "No, David, it is not that, but you—"

"I don't want to hear any more. Just drop the matter."

"I want to help you," she pleaded. "I was talking to brother Frank today, and he said that if I ever needed help to come to him. You know I was always his favorite sister. If you really think that you can succeed, I can get the money of him."

"I am sure of it," he replied, more pleasantly.

"Very well, I'll see him this evening if you wish."

"I'd like to start tomorrow; the sooner, the better."

"Don't you think that you had better go along, David?"

"I have so much to do—I hardly can spare the time. But of course, if you insist—" said he, with hesitation.

"Oh, no!" she sighed. "But it is a long way, and dark, you know."

"If you are afraid—"

"No, I am not afraid. It will not be the first time I have gone alone."

He made no reply and Mrs. Korsan put on her wraps. As she left he called a cheerless good-bye, and with tears stealing down her cheeks she went her way.

David read passages from Science and Health which referred to success in temporal things and which he imagined would help him in his financial demonstrations.

"I must hold firmly to the thought," he mused, "that Frank will be an instrument of good to me and help me in this position."

Late that evening, Mrs. Korsan returned to her home, escorted by her brother. David arose as they entered, and extended his hand to his brother-in-law.

"Well, David," said Frank, after his sister had left the room, "I am glad you have found a situation, and hope that it will be all you expect."

"It is a splendid opportunity," replied David.. "The place was demonstrated for me, and when the needed money has been demonstrated, I am certain of success."

Frank's face darkened, and he said rather

harshly, "Ada has asked me to advance you the necessary funds, and I will do so for her sake, but understand, David, that you owe it entirely to your wife. If any demonstration has been made for the money to enable you to get a start it has been made by her."

David smiled indulgently.

"I appreciate your kindness, Frank, more than I can tell you, but it was a demonstration of Divine love just the same."

Frank's face showed the disgust he felt, and his next words showed David what his brother-in-law thought of him.

"I shall help you this time, but understand this—it is the last time, so long as you treat my sister as you are doing. She does not suspect the real cause of the change in you, but I know how and where you spend the time away from her, and I declare to you, David Korsan, if you do not cease such actions very soon, you will be sorry, for I will give you what you deserve. Did I not know that my sister's only happiness was with you, since she loves you in spite of your neglect of her, I would punish you right now."

Frank's eyes gleamed with anger and he re-

strained himself with difficulty, his fists clenched at his side.

David shrank back in surprise from his excited brother-in-law. He saw the need of placating him if he was to escape his wrath.

"You have heard something, I suppose; but you have not heard the truth, or you would know that I have not wronged Ada in any way," said he, sheepishly.

"Not in actual deeds, perhaps," Frank said, "but you have wronged her heinously by neglect, by spending your time in another woman's society, and in my opinion no man could wrong his wife more by actual infidelity."

"Stop, Frank! You shall not speak so of my friend! She is so high spiritually that any comment will pass her by unscathed, for she can, by her understanding declare the powerlessness of such error to harm her reputation. But I will not stand such talk!" His eyes flashed anger and he grasped the back of a chair threateningly.

Frank smiled sarcastically, and answered quietly: "I see it is just as I have heard, and I have nothing to add to what I have already said to you, except to declare that I made no

idle threats. I shall protect my sister, but you are given a chance to do as you ought."

Frank opened the door, and as he passed through the dining room, he found his sister, whom he kissed tenderly.

"Good night, little sister," said he, a tremble in his voice. "Here is the money for David—give it to him yourself."

She looked fearfully into his face. "You had no trouble with David, Brother? He has been unfortunate, but I am sure he will come out of all this some day. I pray constantly that he may."

"Everything is all right between us," he answered, reassuringly. "But I thought that you would like to give the money to him yourself."

"You are very good, Frank," she said, smiling. "You are always good to me."

As he again kissed her, he placed the money in her hand, then passed out of the house.

CHAPTER X

A Short Journey

AS David Korsan rode toward his destination, the jarring of the train made it almost impossible for him to read his Science and Health, so for a time he gazed upon the landscape that was so rapidly left behind him. His thoughts dwelt upon his last meeting with Miss Gray, for after he had received the money, he had stolen to her, that they might demonstrate the success that he pictured awaited him.

The money his brother-in-law had provided, he attributed to Miss Gray's demonstration, and he again saw in his mind's eye her smile of satisfaction when he told her of his success; how tenderly she had looked into his eyes, which instilled within him the hope of success, and at the parting, how she had held his hand while a tear stole down her cheek.

"She is a true woman," he mused. "Too high spiritually to take a husband."

David had unwittingly placed himself in the

power of Miss Gray, and all his strange actions might have been attributed to her hypnotic power, a power which every successful Christian Science practitioner must possess.

When he reached the first town in his territory, he felt elated and had no idea of the disappointments that awaited him. For an hour he explained to his first prospective customer the virtues of his cheese cutter and its simple operation. Finally the customer was convinced of its merits and concluded to take the machine. As he was about to sign the order, the door darkened, and an officer entered the room.

"Having gained peacable entrance, I'll take possession of this store," said the officer, authoritatively. "The chattel mortgage you gave to the bank gives me this power."

The proprietor rebelled at the indignity thrust upon him, and sought to maintain the possession of his store, but to no purpose.

Disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, David packed his sample case and went to the next store, where he found one of his machines in use. Receiving a favorable reply as to its work, he again went his way.

All that day and until late at night he labor-

ed, but failed to dispose of a single machine. Weary and discouraged, he hastened to his hotel. Upon inquiry he learned that the train he expected to take for the next town had left. Finally he learned that he could reach his destination that night by the taking of a freight train.

This freight train was as many of its class, its scheduled time, and the time it actually arrived and departed being very much at variance. Finally the train arrived, and David sat in the caboose an hour, waiting for it to start. Unexpectedly to him, a car jammed against the caboose, and David was sent sprawling to the floor, his sample case flying to the far end of the car. David swore, then hastened after his sample case, which he opened, to find the machine badly bent. His hat was broken, and his clothing dirty with the filth upon the floor, and he left for the railroad station to enter a complaint. He barely disappeared into the station door, when the engine gave a shrill whistle, and the train started on its way. He hastened to catch it, and succeeding in doing so, but not in mounting the steps. The roadway was of cobble stones, piled

high and loose, which gave David no foothold. As he struggled, the train rapidly increased its speed, and he was drawn over the sharp stones, which cut his shoes and clothing. As he was about to despair, a brakeman saw his danger, and with an oath drew him to safety.

Late in the night he reached his destination. When he arrived at the hotel, the best rooms had been taken, and he was given a room over the kitchen, it being little larger than the bed.

The room was as hot as a baking oven, and with the chattering of servants in their shrill voices, and the fumes of cooking, the chances for rest were not flattering.

After tossing in bed for an hour, David fell into a doze, and then it was that lurking enemies began to reak their vengeance upon him. He dreamed that a thousand devils were impaling him with their forks. He even imagined that he smelt their putrid breaths, and writhed under the tearing of his flesh with their claws. As the clock struck two he awoke, and wet with perspiration, jumped out of the bed and hastily turned on the light.

The sheets had the appearance of a battle-

field, and the enemy were retreating in haste to their hiding places.

This was a new experience for David, and he soon became the creature of his imagination, which almost drove him wild. The feeling upon him was horrible, and to escape torture, he hastily dressed and rushed to the hotel office, where he found the clerk asleep in one of the chairs, loudly snoring.

David gripped him by the shoulder and told of his grievances.

The clerk rubbed his eyes, then yawned and stretched himself.

"It's beastly mean to wake a fellow up out of such a sound sleep," grumbled the clerk.

He noticed a copy of Science and Health in David's pocket.

"So you are one of those fellows, too. Don't you know that all this that you have been telling me is mere imagination? Demonstrate, my friend, that's the way the other boys do. Pshaw! Never had a complaint about that room since I have been here."

"Well, I am not going back to that room!" vehemently asserted David. He became more calm. "Can't you give me another room?"

"I'm sorry, but everything in the house is filled."

"Then I'll stay here in the office. Perhaps I can sleep in a chair."

"Suit yourself," replied the clerk, indifferently.

After disposing of his baggage David sat in a chair and began to read Science and Health, but the more he read the more miserable he became. To overcome the creeping feeling from which he suffered he tried to demonstrate, but this gave him no more relief than the reading of the book. He became nervous, and his skin felt dry and parched. The hours of waiting seemed endless, and he welcomed the light of day, when he took a walk over the town in the hope of quieting his nerves.

After breakfast he started to get orders, but the day's work was fruitless. Many merchants kept him waiting for hours, only to tell him at last that they had no need of his machine, and it would be useless for him to waste further time with them.

At the end of the week he was discouraged, for he had not made a sale. The second week was as barren of results as the first, and David

concluded to abandon the venture, having barely sufficient money to take him home.

During all this time he had demonstrated as the Christian Science text book had taught him, but strange to say he attributed his failure to the thought he imagined his wife had placed upon him when he first mentioned to her the undertaking.

On his arrival home he found the two Christian Science churches again united, Mr. Diston and his wife having withdrawn from the church and moved from the city.

Mrs. Korsan was not much disappointed at her husband's failure, for she dreaded to have him away, and pined for his companionship, even though he treated her harshly.

David told Miss Gray what he suspected as the cause of his failure.

"You have judged Mrs. Korsan rightly, though I think that she innocently placed that thought upon you. Of course, she didn't realize what it would do," said she.

Miss Gray read the bitter thoughts that David had for his wife. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "I will help you to make your demonstration, so do not despair. Re-

member that I am a friend upon whom you can always depend. If your wife will not help you, do not hesitate to come to me—and yet how different it might be!"

David Korsan looked into her face.

"Yes," he said, "I am learning your worth, and you are becoming indispensable to me."

The perfume which she used so liberally, and her extravagant and gaudy dress pleased him, and he compared her appearance with that of his wife, whose clothing, though very plain, was neat and tasteful and suited to their income, but which did not appeal to him any more.

As they parted that evening he felt an irresistable impulse come over him. Their eyes met, and before he realized what he was doing, their lips met.

He at once left her, filled with confusion.

He dreaded to return to his home, not because of his infatuation for Miss Gray, but because he was ashamed to meet his wife, who would never have permitted such liberties.

By the morning these thoughts were forgotten, and he placed upon her already overburdened shoulders the blame for his failures.

When the accusing words were uttered, she raised her eyes toward heaven. "Oh, Lord, forgive me, if I have done any wrong!" she groaned. "I did not send with him such thoughts, but my best wishes."

With a cruel scowl, David Korsan left her.

CHAPTER XI

The Great Red Dragon

TO ALL appearances harmony prevailed in the reunited church. Miss Gray and Mrs. Knox were again upon friendly terms and attributed their former estrangement to the manipulations of Mr. Diston.

Mr. Diston's abandonment of the faith created quite a furore, and all the failures in the workings of Christian Science were attributed to his unbelief. Miss Gray affirmed that she had been a victim to his mental manipulations and shuddered to think of the terrors she imagined she had escaped. Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Stone also confessed to have been under his baneful influence, and all their bad deeds were said to be the manifestations of his wicked thoughts.

One Sunday, Mrs. Barnes, one of the members who had held aloof from all the church troubles, did not appear at the services. As she was a regular attendant her absence was

at once noted. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that she was suffering from an attack of pneumonia, and that Mrs. Slade, a Christian Science practitioner, was treating her. Despite the Christian Science treatment given Mrs. Barnes, she continued to grow worse. Upon consultation it was concluded to call upon Mrs. Knox for assistance. She was requested to treat the members of the family and neighbors, that is, to have them hold the thought that Mrs. Barnes was not sick, while Mrs. Slade devoted her sole efforts to the eradication of the claim of which Mrs. Barnes was suffering.

The third night Mrs. Barnes' condition became suddenly alarming. Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Slade looked at each other with a smile of satisfaction.

"Chemicalization is setting in," said Mrs. Slade, "and when this passes, our work will be done, and we will have another triumph to the workings of Christian Science."

Though Mr. Barnes firmly believed that Christian Science would restore his wife to health, his faith began to waver when he saw so great a change in her for the worse.

"My dear Mr. Barnes," said Mrs. Knox,

"chemicalization has set in. Our dear Leader says, on page four hundred of our text book, that this is the upheaval produced when immortal truth is destroying erroneous mortal belief. It is the bringing of this claim to the surface, as the fermenting wine, allowing impurities to pass away."

"I know," he replied, "but this chemicalization is of an awful violent nature, and Mrs. Barnes is not a very strong woman, you know."

"Mr. Barnes, I am surprised to hear you voice such error, especially with your high understanding of Christian Science."

"It is hard to disbelieve my senses, especially when the sufferer is so near and dear to me."

"You must take a nap, and when you awake, this chemicalization will be over and Mrs. Barnes will be a well woman."

"I don't believe that I can get to sleep," said he, with hesitation.

"Oh, but you must! I'll treat you for that. When you are asleep you will be holding the right thought and not this fear that now possesses you. As your thought now is you are doing her harm."

"I'll do my best. I know I am not helping her," said he, then went to his room.

An hour afterward, Mrs. Barnes was resting easily and her attendants lay down for rest. Exhausted from their long vigil, both fell asleep. Dawn was breaking when they awakened. They hastened to the sick room, Mrs. Barnes lay silent and still; she too had fallen asleep, but to awake in another world.

Because no physician would issue a certificate as to the cause of her death, no burial permit would be issued. Mr. Barnes was almost heart broken, and to add to his sorrow, the coroner and his assistant physicians came to hold an autopsy upon the body of his wife.

This cutting of the dead was to him an awful thing and he fought the authorities as long as possible, but at last was compelled to submit to the dignity of the law, after which he and the practitioners were compelled to undergo a rigid examination, all of their words being taken down by a stenographer.

After informing Mr. Barnes that gross negligence was the cause of his wife's death, and that the attention of the grand jury would be

called to the matter, the coroner issued the necessary burial permit.

David Korsan conducted the funeral services, and without further trouble the body was interred in one of the cemeteries adjoining the city.

"Christian Science never fails," asserted Mrs. Knox to a neighbor. "Mortal mind is what caused the passing on of Mrs. Barnes. Had the neighbors not held this thought of death over her, she would be with us today and perfectly well."

"Goodness! None of us knew that she was sick until the afternoon before she died," replied the neighbor, hurt to know that any person would think of attributing a death to any thought or act of hers. "Of course, we thought it strange that no one was allowed to enter the house but a few Christian Scientists."

"We didn't permit any one in the house because we didn't want that death thought upon her."

"Not a neighbor ever dreamed that she was in so bad a condition; for Saturday she was down town, and appeared in perfect health, and when I heard on Wednesday morning that

she was dead, I could hardly believe it, and I know that the other neighbors were as shocked as I was at the sad news."

"It's the general thought broadcast throughout the land, that killed her. Christian Science did its duty, for it never fails."

"I don't want it to do its duty to me as it did to Mrs. Barnes!" said the neighbor. "Furthermore, I think it is real mean to try and shift the blame of this sad affair upon the neighbors. You ought to place it where it belongs, and not attempt to hide the real cause."

"That is mortal mind speaking," said Mrs. Knox, blushing deeply. "I can not have you fasten such a belief on me."

"I do not wish to offend you, but of course if you feel that way, I must bid you good day," replied the neighbor as she went into her home.

The evening of the day of the funeral many friends and neighbors came to the stricken home, thinking to relieve the Barnes family of their loneliness. Mrs. Slade was accompanied by her son, John, a lad about four years of age. Mrs. Long, a sister of Mrs. Barnes, was accompanied by her son Samuel, who was about the same age, and who was just recover-

ing from an attack of the whooping cough.

"If you are afraid of the whooping cough," said Mrs. Long to Mrs. Slade, "we must keep the children apart."

"That is only a belief of mortal mind," replied Mrs. Slade. "I will demonstrate against that and hold the highest thought for Johnny, and of course no such belief can take hold of him."

Mrs. Long was bitter against Christian Science, which she blamed for causing the untimely death of her sister.

"I thought it my duty to warn you," said she. "But of course if Johnny has had the whooping cough there is no danger, because it can be had only once."

"Johnny never had any of those claims that the world thinks children must be heir to," asserted Mrs. Slade. "Indeed not, and what is more, he never will have them."

Mrs. Long addressed Johnny, who happened to look into her face, "I am glad that you never had the whooping cough, Johnny."

"I had it before Sammy did," exclaimed Johnny, before his mother had an opportunity to stop him.

A titter of laughter went over the room.

"You must not talk so, son," said Mrs. Slade, severely.

"I whooped worse'n Johnny!" persisted the boy with pride.

"That was merely a belief of mortal sense," said Mrs. Slade, confusedly. "You never had the whooping cough, Johnny, for there is no such thing."

Johnny did not propose to be robbed of what he considered an honor.

"Yes, I did, Mamma. Don't you remember when you cried one night because you thought I had choked to death?"

"Johnny! Johnny! You must not contradict your mamma. Now run on and play."

"Sure I had the whooping cough," asserted Johnny in a bragging manner to his playmate. "And I whooped worse'n you did, too!"

"You didn't neither!" retorted Sammy.

At this the air was rent with laughter and Mrs. Slade placed her hand over her son's mouth to end the argument.

The Christian Scientists were confused, but the unbelievers in that faith cast significant glances at each other.

The death of Mrs. Barnes was followed by others of the Christian Science flock, and David was kept busy preparing for funeral services.

In the world, it is these sad affairs that draw men together in closer bonds of friendship, and which makes them more charitable and kind toward one another, but with Christian Scientists it is different, for their sole effort is to place the blame for the failure of Christian Science upon some person, thinking in this way to show the infallibility of their alleged panacea.

The Christian Scientists were looking about for some excuses for these deaths. Had Mr. Diston been in the city probably they would have traced the blame to him. Mrs. Knox was sure it was Miss Gray, and Miss Gray was sure that it was Mrs. Knox. Others entertained the same belief toward each other. Before long charges were openly made and members began to take sides. It was a strong contest. Miss Gray, Mrs. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Dore, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Slade were all arrayed against each other. David Korsan supported Miss Gray, and Peter Brindle Mrs. Knox.

There was a sentiment that Mr. Dore should

be ousted from the presidency and but few were in favor of David Korsan retaining the Readership.

The Board meeting was very turbulent, the members being too busy telling what they thought of each other to transact any legitimate business. Finally this bitterness was carried into the Wednesday evening meetings, and strangers began to suspect that something was wrong. To put an end to this exhibition of hatred, David reprimanded the unruly members, which for a time proved very effective, then it was that he brought upon himself the wrath of the Mother Church. David had dared to think for himself, and to reprimand as he saw fit, a heinous offense in the eyes of the Mother Church, for according to its rules he should have thought through Mrs. Eddy, and used the exact words that she had written to quiet the unruly members.

David submitted to the reprimand and quoted Science and Health and other books written by Mrs. Eddy in the hope of ending the discord, but this was adding fuel to the flames, and the breach grew wider, and the members clamored for a division.

The regular meeting of the church was fast drawing near, and the leaders of the factions began to prepare for the struggle for supremacy.

Mr. Dore presided, and to the relief of all, he concluded his reading of Science and Health before the clock struck ten. As usual he took upon himself all authority, and by his sole vote declared his own motions carried, after a long harangue about love and harmony and the blessings of Christian Science.

He was permitted to continue these performances until near midnight, then Peter Brindle arose.

"I have a resolution here," said he, "that an attorney prepared providing for the reorganization of the church."

An ominous silence prevailed. It was as the calm before the storm.

"I'll not listen to the reading of any such resolution," declared Mr. Dore. "I am President and I am going to keep out this error."

One of the members asked that the resolution be read.

"It shall not be read," persisted Mr. Dore.

"Then we will vote on it without the reading," said Peter.

"I second the resolution," cried another.

"I move to lay the resolution on the table," called another.

The motion was duly seconded, leaving Mr. Dore perplexed at the multiplicity of motions.

"We ain't going to lay anything on the table," he declared.

"If that motion to lay on the table prevails, it is an end to the resolution," said one of his supporters.

Mr. Dore was suspicious as to the correctness of the statement. He grew red in the face and then made another harrangue about love controlling the meetings, and not such materiality as the perplexing motions that confronted him.

In the meantime one of the members had found a book on parliamentary law, which explained the meaning of the motion he so feared. Mr. Dore read the explanation a number of times, the members in the meantime sitting in suspense and watching him closely.

Finally the member said, "We'll vote on that table motion, and everybody wants to vote no, so as to kill that resolution."

"I don't like that word kill uttered in a

Christian Science church," said Mr. Dore. "It is unscientific." He became suspicious that his friend was about to betray him. "I can't see what you mean by saying that yes on that table motion will kill the resolution."

For a half hour the members argued as to how to vote, so that they might properly record their sentiments, while Mr. Dore, displeased that anyone should do any talking but himself, stood with a scowling countenance. His friend whispered into his ear, his face brightened and he declared triumphantly, "No one can vote at this meeting unless they have subscribed in writing a certain weekly sum for the support of the church, and unless all such subscriptions have been paid."

One member who had taken no part in the proceedings arose. "Mr. President," said he, "I have not signed a written subscription, but I pay liberally toward the support of the church; never less than a dollar a week, and often more. Surely you do not mean to say that I shall not be permitted to vote?"

"Yes, sir, that is just what I mean. You should live up to our by-laws if you have any love for Christian Science."

"I give more than any member of this church to the cause of Christian Science, and four times as much as you and your wife," asserted the member, trembling with indignation.

"I give as Christian Science has blessed me, and you can't vote," exclaimed Mr. Dore, angrily. Then he added: "Nor can anyone else unless I say so."

The words were as a lighted match applied to a keg of gunpowder. The members flew at each other like demons, each yelling at the top of his voice. Coward, traitor, dog, scoundrel and other similar epithets being the words occasionally heard above the uproar.

As one of the members rushed to close the windows, the members began shaking their fists under each others noses.

Mrs. Knox was pointing her finger at Miss Gray. "You nasty thing!" she cried. "You, who have been manipulating our Reader and trying to steal him from his wife. You know that he is a married man and that he ought to spend the time with his wife that he spends with you. Your actions are the talk of the whole town. Huzzy! That you are! You have

almost brought about a separation between them!"

Miss Gray hid her face and David rushed out the door to the street.

Neighbors enrobed in their night gowns were thrusting their heads out of windows.

"Hi, there!" called one of the ghost like figures. "What is going on in there, a dog fight?"

Not heeding the words, David slowly walked away.

"We ought to call the police," called another.

A loud crash issued from the church and David rushed back, fearful that the members were flaying each other with chairs. An awful scene was before him. Clenched fists were held high in the air, accompanied by threats and abusive language.

He yelled at the top of his voice imploring for order, but his words were drowned in the uproar. Again he went to the street, followed by some of the women. Shame overcame him and he hastened to his home, leaving Miss Gray to face her accusers alone, and go home with-

out his company, being the first time in many months.

On Sunday the members met and shook hands in the hope of hiding their trouble from strangers. The meeting was referred to in whispers.

"It was the uncovering of error," said they. "It was the chemicalization to banish all error from our church."

Said others, "The law that we are organized under isn't right, and we will not have harmony until we are organized under that new church law."

Some shook their heads. Others agreed with the statement.

"We must demonstrate out of this trouble," said Mrs. Knox, "for its effects are something awful. It is the great red dragon let loose. As I looked over the congregation this morning I saw a number of claims reappearing among our members, and this red dragon is the cause of it all. It could plainly be seen in the Readers, for it was an effort for them to read."

She had stated the truth, for David Korsan's heart was again beating like a trip hammer,

and the Second Reader acted as though she were choking.

Said the solo singer, who was not a member of the church, and who had not heard of the trouble. "My! but the air was heavy this morning! Do you know that I could hardly keep from crying and when I tried to sing, something seemed to stick in my throat."

One of the members who suffered with consumption was reported in a serious condition. Another was taken to a hospital to undergo an operation.

Said Miss Gray, "I am God's spiritual child and not anything can harm me. Truth protects all those who rely upon its Divine influence." She then raised her eyes toward heaven and placed her hand over her heart, a tear glistening in her eye. "I walk in the footsteps of my dear Leader. She was judged wrongly, so am I, and, like her, I too, forgive my accusers, for they know not what they do."

"Such a hypocrite!" sneered Mrs. Knox as she turned away. "A devil disguised as an angel!"

"If we don't have harmony soon," said one, "the church will go to pieces. Five have asked

for their withdrawal letters already, and when they all leave that intend to, there will be few of us left."

"We will demonstrate out of this error," replied Miss Gray. "You ought not to hold such thoughts, for they are very unscientific. Error is a lie and this discord has no existence, which we Scientists ought to realize."

The members scattered, resolving upon harmony if each could have his or her own way.

CHAPTER XII

The Revelation

HOUGH David was unable to find employment, his wife made no complaint, and hid her sorrow behind forced smiles. They were becoming more deeply in debt and David saw that something must be done to save their home, for creditors were becoming persistent and threatened suit.

He told his troubles to Miss Gray.

"There is but one thing for you to do," said she, "and that is for you to become a Christian Science practitioner. You know that Mrs. Eddy says that it is our duty to become healers, and all this misfortune is brought upon you for a good purpose. It is to compel you to do what God intended you to do."

"Do you really think that I should become a healer?" asked David, doubting that she meant what she said.

"Yes, and we can work together. It will be profitable for both of us."

The door bell rang. Miss Gray looked out of the window.

"That is that Mrs. Dulin, a wash woman," said she. "You need not leave."

Mrs. Dulin was admitted to the house. She was pale and haggard, and from her appearance it could be seen that she was suffering from some ailment.

"I've got a felon, and it's almost driving me wild," began Mrs. Dulin. "I did nothing but walk the floor all last night, and I haven't slept a wink for two nights. I never suffered so much in all my life."

"My dear woman," replied Miss Gray, smiling, "there is nothing the matter with you."

"If nothing was the matter with me I certainly wouldn't be here, but at my wash tub trying to make a few cents for the babies."

"There is no such thing as a felon; it is merely an illusion of mortal mind. Mind controls all things. In Christian Science mind is God, and therefore, man who is His image and likeness, cannot be sick."

"But my mind isn't sick," persisted Mrs. Dulin. "It's my finger, and there is a felon on it."

"Fingers are matter, therefore cannot have felons."

"Indeed, and if you don't believe me, I'll show it to you," said Mrs. Dulin, beginning to unwrap the cloth about her hand.

"You need not show it to me. For I know that there is no such thing as a felon or pain. Your body is sustained by Spirit, not matter, and matter, such as fingers, have no sensation."

"I believe the woman's crazy," muttered Mrs. Dulin to herself.

Miss Gray withdrew her handkerchief from her belt, and accidentally scratched her hand on a pin.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "That horrible pin! And it has drawn blood too."

The blood was oozing from the long scratch, which she wiped with her handkerchief.

"You haven't scratched your hand," said Mrs. Dulin, sarcastically.

Miss Gray looked at her patient. "I haven't acted very scientifically, have I?"

"I don't know what you call scientific, mum, but I know if I haven't a felon that you haven't a scratch on your hand. And the way you

are actin' I'll bet it's smartin', but I reckon you think that is all imagination."

"It is, my dear woman."

"Then what do you imagine it for?"

"If you was in Science you would know it is nothing."

"This felon is something. My finger feels as though a pump was working on the inside of it. Goodness! It is something awful. I never want another."

"Our dear Leader says that matter has no life, and no real existence."

"If she had this felon she'd change her mind."

"You want a treatment," said Miss Gray, desiring to change the subject.

"I've heard that pow-wowin' cured felons, and that you did that business."

"I practice Christian Science healing," said Miss Gray, indignantly.

"I don't care, just so you cure my felon."

"I'll give you a treatment. Our charges are two dollars for the first treatment and one dollar for each treatment thereafter."

"My!" gasped Mrs. Dulin. "As much as

that? About how many treatments do you reckon it will take?"

"Perhaps one, perhaps more."

"But I want it cured right away. I must be at my work."

"I hope that one treatment will be sufficient."

Mrs. Dulin studied for a moment. "How much will you charge to cure the thing?"

"I can't tell."

"I suppose if it ain't soon cured you won't charge anything?"

"My dear woman, I couldn't take the case on those conditions."

"I don't like to pay out money for nothing. You see, I earn my money at the wash tub, and I have a big family. So you don't know if you can heal it or not?"

"God does the healing, not me. And, of course, He is sure to cure you."

"You're thinking that something is the matter with my finger now, ain't you?" She began to walk the floor in pain. "Can't you stop this pain right away?"

"God can."

"Then get Him to do it this minute, for I can't stand this much longer." She stopped;

"But remember your pow-wowin' must do some good."

Miss Gray excused herself to David and she and Mrs. Dulin went to another room to demonstrate. In a few moments they returned, Miss Gray jingling two dollars in her pocket and Mrs. Dulin confessing that she was not in so much pain.

"When you get home the pain will have entirely disappeared," said Miss Gray.

Mrs. Dulin left, feeling satisfied with her investment, and Miss Gray resumed her conversation with David.

"You can see that it pays to be in the practice," said Miss Gray. "This is the fifth treatment that I have given today; eight dollars in all, three two dollar treatments and two one dollar treatments."

David was convinced that it was his duty to become a healer, and they discussed his future plans.

As he was about to leave Mrs. Dulin returned.

"My finger is hurtin' worse than ever!" began Mrs. Dulin. "Oh, it's hurtin' awful, and here I have given you two dollars, that took

me four days to earn, and you got it for five minutes pow-wowin' that hasn't done me a bit of good!"

"If you wish a benefit, you must be willing to make sacrifices," said Miss Gray, severely.

"I wish I had gone to that French woman, she don't charge such prices and always cures felons."

"You have no felon!" persisted Miss Gray.

"Then what in the devil have you been pow-wowin' over it for? And what are you takin' my money for? You are a fraud and ought to be in jail for robbin' a poor woman like me. If you was honest you would give me back my money, or cure my finger, and if you don't I'll have the law on you."

"I can give you another treatment."

"And I suppose that you will want another dollar for it?"

"I can't treat you for nothing, my dear woman, for it wouldn't do you any good."

"I did give you two dollars, and it is hurtin' worse than ever." The tears came to her eyes. "The worse luck I can wish you is that you will have to stand over the wash tub and earn your money as I did them two dollars!"

"I'll never do that, Mrs. Dulin."

"No, you'd rather be robbin' poor women like me, bein' too lazy to do an honest day's work."

With these parting words she dashed out of the house.

Miss Gray regretted that David had overheard the difficulty and felt ashamed to meet him.

"Practitioners have unpleasantness to contend with as well as other people," said she. "But we must demonstrate over that. Some people are very peculiar, as you can see."

"Do these scenes often occur?" asked David.

"This is my first experience, and I am awful sorry that it happened. I should have given the money back to the woman, but if I had the treatment would not do her any good."

David did not approve of her course, but made no comment.

"I want to give you a little more advice," said Miss Gray, "and that is to always get your money for treating in advance; if you don't do this, people will try to cheat you. Furthermore, those who do not pay for their treat-

ments can expect no benefit, and the Bible says that the laborer is worthy of his hire."

From what David had seen of Mrs. Dulin he was convinced that Miss Gray spoke truthfully. He knew that all practitioners were not like Miss Gray in demanding their pay in advance, and that the patients were allowed to make payments as they felt able, also that many were not asked to pay at all. Miss Gray's attitude in the matter astonished and displeased him, but he soon became reconciled to it.

Mrs. Korsan was not surprised when David informed her that he had concluded to become a Christian Science practitioner. She knew that many of them made money, and thought that perhaps he would not prove an exception, and as there was a possibility of their getting out of debt made no objection.

David's first patient was an Irishman who was the victim of rheumatism. Patent medicines having failed to give relief, he was referred to David.

"I'm understandin' yez are bein' a healer," said he to David.

"A Christian Science practitioner or healer," replied David.

"And can yez be healin' the rheumatism?"

"Certainly."

"I want yez to be curin' me."

"My charges are two dollars for the first treatment."

"I'm not begrudgin' yez the money, if yez'll be doin' the worrk."

"Then if you want a treatment I must have my pay in advance, that is if you want the best results."

The Irishman scratched his head, then reached into his pocket and handed David the money.

"Moind yez no monkey business," said he, in a threatening manner.

David requested him to remain quiet for a few moments while receiving treatment. As David covered his eyes with his hands the Irishman watched him with a puzzled expression.

"There is nothing the matter with you," said David when he looked at the Irishman. "There is no such thing as rheumatism."

The Irishman again scratched his head.

"I'm thinkin' the man's bein' crazy," he muttered.

"I'm not crazy," declared David; "I am merely declaring the truth."

"But I'm wantin' yez to be curin' me, man."

"I gave you a treatment."

"Yez gave me a treatment! Now see here, me man, yez can't be makin' a fool of me."

"I treated you just now and you have no rheumatism."

"Begorra! Me bones ache just the same."

"You just think so," said David.

The Irishman was fast losing his temper.

"Would yez be callin' me a liar?" said he.

"Not at all; but there is nothing the matter with you."

"Yez'll be thinkin' that there's somethin' the matter with yerself, if yez'll not be givin' me money back!" exclaimed the Irishman, as he rose with an angry scowl.

"You mustn't get angry. You don't understand. I gave you a treatment."

"Yez did, did ye! Well, I'll be treatin' yer nose if yez'll not be givin' me money back."

"While you were sitting there I treated you, and now there is nothing the matter with you. You never had rheumatism, for there is no such thing."

"Then what in the devil was yez a takin' me money fer if nothin' was bein' the matter with me?" He approached David with clenched fists. "If yez'll not be givin' me money back, I'll be breakin' ivery bone in yer body! Yez can't be makin' a fool of me. Give me back me money!"

David attempted to make an explanation.

"Not another word, sor!" exclaimed the Irishman, stopping him.

"I'm sorry that you can't understand me," replied David, as he handed him back the money.

"Understand the divil! It's yerself that can't be understandin' plain English! I've got the rheumatism and me bones ache; can't yez be understandin' that?"

"You haven't—"

"No more of that, sor, fer I can't be holdin' me temper much longer!"

Mrs. Korsan was attracted by the loud talking, and came to see what was the matter.

"This man is as much as callin' me a liar!" said he to her. "He's sayin' I ain't got the rheumatism and I'm sayin' I have, just as though I'd be comin' here to be tellin' him

of me rheumatism if there wasn't nothin' bein' the matter with me."

"Christian Scientists have peculiar beliefs—"

"If they're all bein' like him they're bein' domn fools!"

"You don't understand," persisted Mrs. Korsan.

"I'm understandin' that I'm not goin' to be humbugged out of me two dollars!" retorted the Irishman.

David left the room crestfallen, and Mrs. Korsan escorted the visitor to the door, meantime attempting to explain matters, but without success.

David found that people were loath to part with their money unless a cure was effected, and was disappointed at the beggarly pittance he derived from his practice. This failure was attributed to the thought that his wife put upon him, and he treated her more unkindly, despite her protestations that she wished for his success.

The hatred that existed between the church members had not lessened and David's heart thumped harder and faster than ever before. Many nights he was unable to sleep at all, and never dare lay upon his breast.

When he had practiced about two weeks Miss Gray sent for him to assist her in a case she then had on hand.

"This is a bad claim to mortal sense," said she. "And I thought that perhaps if you would treat the child, and I the family, relief would be effected more quickly."

Proceeding to the child's home, they at once began their work. The child appeared to rally, then suddenly lapsed into unconsciousness and died. The neighbors demanded an investigation and the coroner was summoned, who held an inquest. An ominous, exultant look lingered in the officer's eyes when he had concluded the examination of the family and healers, and David had barely concluded the conducting of the funeral services when he and Miss Gray were arrested, charged with the crime of manslaughter.

Mrs. Korsan was almost frantic and hastened to her brother Frank for assistance.

"When is this thing going to stop!" he demanded. "You had better let him lie in jail and perhaps it will bring him to his senses."

"Please help him this once," she pleaded. "Just help him for my sake."

"He is where he belongs, and I hope that that Gray woman gets twenty years."

"Frank! Frank! Don't! You will break my heart. If you only knew how I loved him you wouldn't hesitate."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Frank to himself. "To so illy repay a woman's love!"

He turned to her. "For your sake, I'll do it. But if he don't quit this tomfoolery I'm going to take you home with me."

"I feel that this is the last time that I need ask for your assistance," said she, her eyes filled with tears of gratitude. "David will now see that this Christian Science business is the cause of all our trouble. He surely will now drop it."

"And he will have to drop something more than Christian Science," retorted her brother.

"What do you mean, brother."

"Nothing, my little sister," said he, laying his hand upon her shoulder, tenderly.

"Just think of David facing such an awful charge! It's almost the same as murder. Oh! what if he is found guilty!"

"Now, don't borrow trouble! They can't do anything with him. I met Lawyer Jackson

and he says that there is no law that covers such an offense; that the whole thing is a bluff."

"Sure, Frank? Real sure?"

"As sure as I am that he is now in jail."

"Oh, we must get him out at once. Just think how he must feel!"

"He hasn't been in long—"

"We must go at once. I must get my wraps."

"You had better not go along—" he stopped for she was out of hearing. "A woman is certianly a strange creature," he thought. "David Korsan neglects my sister shamefully. He even abuses her, and yet she would willingly lay down her life for him . But that is woman, I suppose."

At the jail, Frank drew David aside and said, "I bailed you out because of my sister's entreaties, and were it not for her, I'd let you in here until doomsday." He continued in an earnest, husky voice: "If you make an effort to bail out that Gray woman, back you go to jail. She is the cause of all your trouble, she and this Christian Science and it seems to me that it is about time that you are finding it out."

Before David had an opportunity to reply, Frank had left him.

Mrs. Korsan escorted her husband home, but received no credit or words of praise for being instrumental in securing his liberty.

Miss Gray's predicament induced the Christian Scientists to bury their differences until the common danger that confronted them was over.

Late that night a bondsman was secured and Miss Gray was set at liberty.

David's arrest dampened his ardor as a healer. His acquaintances scoffed at him, and as he went along the streets he was an object of curiosity. Often he heard people say, "There goes that Christian Science healer arrested for murdering that Todd boy."

All David's misfortunes Miss Gray attributed to the unscientific thinking of Mrs. Korsan, and, sad to relate, David thought the same.

Because of the gossip, David visited Miss Gray in secrecy. He seldom spoke to his wife, and repulsed all her advances, who was breaking down rapidly under the strain, and beginning to look like an old woman.

David's birthday was drawing near and she concluded to make another effort to please him,

so she baked a cake, upon the frosting placing the numbers signifying his age. She also invited a few of his Christian Science friends to spend the evening and surprise him.

"It is unscientific to make any ado about birthdays," said he, when he saw the cake.

"I only sought to please you, David," said she, with quivering lip.

"By putting a thought of age upon me, I suppose."

"You are a young man, barely in the prime of life. Look at me. I am like an old woman." He started for the door. "David, you will stay home tonight, won't you."

"I don't know just what I'll do, yet."

"Please spend the evening with me."

"No, I'll not do it."

"I have invited some of your Christian Science friends—"

"To celebrate my birthday?" he exclaimed angrily. She nodded her head. "Just tell them that I am a Christian Scientist and that it is unscientific to celebrate birthdays."

With these parting words he left the house and Mrs. Korsan broke down and wept bitterly.

At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. Mrs. Korsan knew not what to do. She feared that if she told them what David had said they would be insulted, and as they came upon her invitation she keenly felt the embarrassing position in which she was placed. She hoped that David might relent and perhaps appear after all. At nine o'clock the guests all arrived and Mrs. Korsan spent much of her time watching for him.

Finally Mrs. Slade asked where David was.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Korsan.

"Do you think that he has any idea that we are here?" asked another.

"He said it wasn't scientific to celebrate birthdays," said Mrs. Korsan, hoping to evade a direct answer.

"Then he knows that we are here," said Mrs. Slade.

"Well, I suspect that we are the ones surprised," said Mrs. Slade.

"As you are here upon my invitation, I want you to enjoy yourselves and I hope that you will not take offense at Mr. Korsan. Of course at the time I invited you I never suspected that he was so opposed to birthday parties."

"It is not scientific to remember birthdays," said Mrs. Slade. "But if nothing is said about the age it is different."

"We can enjoy the cake and cream anyway, and we'll show Mr. Korsan that he has missed a good time," said Mrs. Korsan, as she started for the kitchen.

"I suppose that David Korsan is visiting Miss Gray as usual," remarked one.

"It is a good thing that his wife doesn't know of his actions," said Mrs. Slade.

"Goodness! I should think that he would be ashamed to visit Miss Gray so often," said Mrs. Knox. "I do believe that he spends half of his time with her, and then there is so much talk. It is really awful!"

Mrs. Korsan stood trembling, having overheard the words as she stood near the kitchen door. When she returned with the cake and cream, her face was flushed and she could hardly hold the tray because of the violent trembling of her hand. But she remembered that they were her guests and resolved to do her part as hostess.

After the lunch the guests soon left, and Mrs. Korsan threw herself into a chair and thought

a moment, then arose and put on her wraps. She walked rapidly toward Miss Gray's home, where the light was still burning, but the blinds so drawn that she could not see any of the interior of the house. She went to the dark shadows of a tree where she would be unnoticed and watched the house. A half hour afterward David appeared in the doorway, his face wreathed in smiles. He bid Miss Gray an affectionate farewell as she with laughing eyes dismissed him.

This was a bitterness that Mrs. Korsan had never thought would enter her life. Never had she doubted her husband, and was so shocked she could barely move, and almost doubted her senses.

Not suspecting that his wife was so near him, David started slowly for his home, and as he turned the corner Mrs. Korsan placed her hands to her head and clutched her hair in madness, then fairly ran, an opposite way, so as tc be the first to reach her home.

When David arrived she had removed her wraps. Not a tear was in her eye, but he saw from her look and manner that she was laboring under intense excitement.

"Where have you been?" she asked, unable to conceal her agitation.

"Studying this," said David, pulling a Science and Health from his pocket.

"Where do you do your studying?" she demanded.

"That is none of your business."

"But I have made it my business!" she exclaimed, her face almost colorless from excitement. "I have heard of your visits to that Gray woman." His face colored with shame. "Oh, how spiritual you have been! Ain't you afraid that your wings will sprout and carry you twc to heaven?"

"Don't you dare assail Miss Gray's character! Don't you dare! She is a noble woman, pure and high in the thought."

This was more than Mrs. Korsan could endure.

"You brute! To insinute that I am beneath such a woman. How dare you!" she fairly screamed.

"This is the kind of spirituality I find at home," he retorted, tauntingly.

"Spirituality!" sneered Mrs. Korsan. "Indeed, you get a lot of spirituality out of that

book, whose author is your ideal, who has been in the divorce courts and then remarried. And I suppose that you intend to follow her example. Indeed, a divorcee having the affrontery to claim to be the spiritual guide of the world. That it was left for her to discover the key to the Bible. That Christ had her in mind when He was on earth, but if He did I imagine he didn't know she would figure in a divorce court. Shame! Shame to all of you! I curse the day when this so-called but misnamed Christion Science entered our home. It robbed us of all our happiness. It has estranged us. And now this Gray woman has hypnotized you by the hellishness she has learned from your and her belief, your Leader and ideal. I have heard of the fights in the church, and of the neighbors threatening to call the police, and the slanderous tales circulated over the city about you and that Gray woman—and I heard the worst stories from your Christian Science friends."

"Miss Gray is a lady, and that is more than you can say."

"Wretch!" shrieked his wife, trembling with anger.

"Curse you!" he cried, blind with anger, as he struck her a brutal blow with his fist.

She staggered, then fell to the floor with a thud. He looked about him, fearful that someone had witnessed his act. He seemed as if dazed, then staggered to a chair. As he looked upon the pallid face of his wife his senses returned. He saw the beauty to which he had been blind, the soft, luxuriant hair, the perfect form, set off by a dainty gown. Underlying her peaceful look, he saw the traces of sorrow, the furrows worn by tears. He remembered how loving she had been, her unsurpassed beauty as a girl, and how that marvelous beauty had ripened. He noted the comparison between her and Miss Gray, the latter course and gaudily dressed, with a strong odor of perfume.

The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and he hated the woman who had led him to think illy of his wife. He knelt and kissed the silent lips. He placed his hand under her head, but with a shudder quickly withdrew it for upon it was her warm blood, for as she had fallen her head had struck the sharp corner of the table and cut a gash in her scalp.

"My God! I have killed her!" he groaned.

The cold sweat gathered upon his brow and he shook like a leaf. He held his ear over her heart; there was a faint thud. He jumped to his feet and procured a basin of water and as he bathed her brow, she opened her eyes.

"Forgive me!" he wailed, almost smothering her with kisses.

He carried her to a couch. She smiled, then slowly opened her eyes.

"How loving you are again," she feebly whispered. "This is like old times, that for which I have been praying." She raised her hand to her head. "Oh, my head!" she groaned, then again sank into unconsciousness.

Remorse and the realization of his awful act aroused all his senses. He opened the window, washed the blood from her hair, then fanned her, meantime praying that her consciousness return. She lay silent and death-like, her silken hair blown about her face by the fan. Never had David Korsan loved his wife as at that moment, for he saw wherein he had been blind, his mistakes, his neglect of her. His cruelty was imaged upon his mind in all its baseness, and he inwardly cursed himself. He fell to his knees and buried his face upon his wife's bosom,

then prayed as he had never prayed before—that the blow might prove harmless and that she would live to forgive him. At last he was rewarded, for she regained consciousness, opened her eyes and held her hand to him. He eagerly grasped it. "I love you! Forgive me!" he pleaded.

The words were as life to her. They were those for which she had been hungering so long. She had been starving for want of love, the half of a woman's life, and drank eagerly of all its sweetness, which rapidly restored her strength.

When David had provided her with every comfort, he gathered all the Christian Science books and literature he possessed, which he piled high upon the table, his wife watched him, wondering what he was about to do. Slowly he began to tear the books and papers into shreds, which he threw into the stove, then lighted the fragments and closed the door, and when nothing remained but ashes he went to his wife.

"I am done with this so-called but misnamed Christian Science forever," said he. "I now see that it has been the cause of our misfortune.

It is like Victor Hugo's octopus that threw out its dazzling lights to lure the unfortunate within its reach, then darkened the waters with its black fluid to blind its victims, that it might grasp them with its clammy tentacles, to drag them within its murderous jaws and be crushed to a damning death for their folly. I thank God that my eyes have been opened before it is too late!" He kissed her. "You have been right, and I have been wrong. Henceforth your church and the church of our parents will be my church. As to Miss Gray, I must have been blind. I now see that she is a wicked woman—" He was almost overcome. "Let us bury this awful past. Let us try to forget!"

"My prayers have been answered," she murmured, as she tenderly drew him toward her.

The following day David Korsan withdrew his membership from the Christian Science church. He left it rolling upon the waters of hate and malice, engulfed in a cesspool of discord, many of its members endeavoring to silence each other by their wicked thoughts.

A week after David received a letter from his lawyer stating that the indictment charging

him with manslaughter had been quashed and that the case was at an end.

He was given his old situation, and all blessings seemed to pour in upon him, the greatest and best being the arrival of a baby boy within a year afterward, with its mother's smiling face.

THE END.

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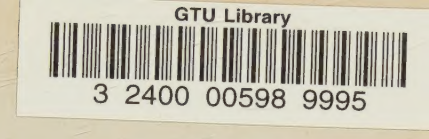
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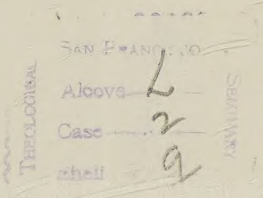
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